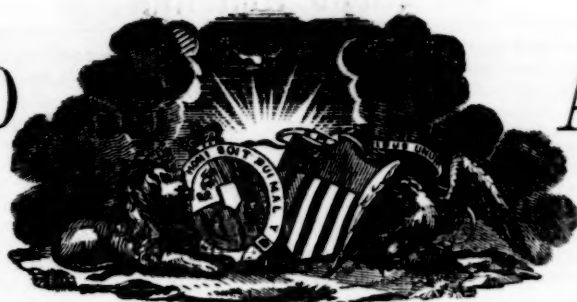


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"GIVE US, THIS DAY, OUR DAILY BREAD."

BY C. S.

Father in Heaven! most gracious God! in prayer we bend the knee,
And ask, with spirits satisfied, our daily bread from Thee:
We do not wish that golden wealth should overflow our store;
We only seek our daily bread, and, thankful, seek no more.

While thousands in a foreign clime, oppressed by grief and dread,
Stretch out their famished hands to Heaven, and cry aloud for bread—
With plenty bless'd, our smiling land owes all her gifts to Thee,
Tho' most unworthy of thy rich and boundless love, are we.

Most merciful thy care has been, oh, God of truth and grace;
And seldom has been veiled from us the glory of thy face:
Our fields have waved with golden grain—our presses burst with wine;
And every home acknowledges the hand of love divine.

Then give us sympathizing hearts, that we our aid may lend,
And to our brothers o'er the sea, a ray of comfort send.
If they have sinned, Almighty God! what better have we done,
That Thou should'st heap the storm on them, and bless us with the sun?

When hungering in the wilderness, the Israelites arose,
And rent the vallies with their cry, and broke the rocks' repose,
Thou gavest them the angel's food, the manna from above;
And every wail of loud despair changed to a hymn of love.

Oh! give to them this angel-food, this manna-dew from Heaven,
For they have sinned, and, sinning much, have much to be forgiven.
Shower down the sunshine of thy grace—their passions wild control;
And over every wounded breast a sea of comfort roll!

"Give us, this day, our daily bread," oh, Christ! we Thee implore:
We ask not riches—give us this, and we can need no more.
Bless all thy children, gracious God; and help us still to be
A thankful nation, loving much, and owing all to Thee!
March 21, 1847.

THE WAR-HORSE.

BY GOODWYN BARNBY.

With a snort and a tramp, the war-horse came,
Like a thunder cloud, with his eyes of flame;
The steam of his breath was a mist around,
And his snort was the bray of the trumpet's sound;
His tramp was like march of ten thousand men,
And its echoes like march of another ten,
And down his flanks, in a steaming flood,
The sweat it ran, and the sweat was blood.

A stallion as black as that steed as night,
Save on fetlocked forehead a star of white,
And his deep-set eyes were two fires of flame;
And his mane like the cloud whence their lightning came;
And his chest was the force of a mighty storm;
And the air from his breath was fiercely warm;
And his snort was the blast of a clarion far,
As he snuffed the battle and neighed ha! ha!

With a toss of his mane, and a flash of his eyes,
Over the plain that black horse flies,
And each tramp of his hoof leaves a print of blood,
And cities are crushed in the sanguine mud;
And o'er man and woman, and little child,
He tramps till the plain is with corpses wild;
His course it is ruin, and death beside,
And he swims each stream with a crimson tide.

No bridle, no saddle, no harness bath he,
And his mouth foams froth, but his mouth is free:
He tosses his head with a wild steed's pride,
Afar in a desert without a guide;—
But his path is ruin, his tread is death,
His hoofs are bloody, and hot his breath,
And that hell-black steed has a kindred guide,
For 'tis Satan that hell-black steed doth ride.

SCENES IN THE WILDS OF MEXICO.

MATASIE, THE HUNTER.

CHAPTER I.—THE PEON.

About a stone's throw from the hacienda stood some thirty huts, prettily grouped, the dwellings of the *peones*, or paid labourers. The aspect of these cabins did not announce poverty; it seemed as if Nature had delighted in throwing the veil of luxuriant vegetation over the bamboo or log walls, which were completely hidden by the broad leaves and climbing stems of the calabash plants with the golden chalice. Each hut was surrounded by a hedge of cactus, entwined with bells of the many-coloured convolvulus; but the interiors of the cabins were not in keeping with these brilliant exteriors. There, everything betrayed the fearful want which is the lot of the peon. The labourer is permitted only to grow tobacco and pimento on the small bit of ground allotted him by the master of the farm, and the time required for its cultivation is taken from his hours of rest. A pitiless monopoly compels him to buy at the hacienda corn, maize, and all the manufactured articles requisite for his

consumption, at prices which far exceed his small salary. The free labourer of the hacienda buys almost every thing on credit, therefore; and the farmer remains eternally his creditor. Consequently the *dia de raya* (pay-day) is an unhappy day in these farms, instead of being as elsewhere, a holiday; for every week adds to the already heavy burden weighing on the peon. It may be fearlessly affirmed that the condition of these paid labourers is worse than that of negro-slaves. The negro-slave has his cabin, in which he rests after the hours of labour, the number of which are fixed by law. A plentiful supply of salt fish, his favourite food, recruits his strength; and, if he falls ill, he is never in want of a doctor. The master's carelessness, on the contrary, leaves the peon exposed without protection to illness and hunger. The black slave looks forward to the time when he will purchase a freedom,—useless to him, no doubt, but the prospect gladdens him; the free labourer has before him an unlimited slavery, for his salary will always be less than the debts which monopoly compels him to contract.

My walks were frequently directed towards the huts inhabited by the peons. The provision-shop was in the middle of the village, and one morning I stood before it to observe the various transactions taking place there. Each peon drew from his pocket a hollow reed, about six inches long, in which were rolled up two little squares of paper, one debtor, the other creditor. These accounts are primitive in their simplicity. A horizontal line, traced from one end of the paper to the other, forms the basis of the running account. On this longitudinal line, other perpendicular lines more or less lengthened (such is the etymology of the word *raya*, or pay); oughts and semi-oughts represents the piasters and half-piasters, reals and half reals. Amidst the buyers, who retired after haggling a long while about prices, I soon remarked one individual thinner and more ghastly than the rest, who walked about with an appearance of hesitation, and glanced with intense desire at the shop. From the perseverance with which he smoked cigarette after cigarette, it was easy to see that the unfortunate peon was endeavouring to appease the cravings of an empty stomach. At last, he seemed to come to an heroic determination, and, walking into the shop, asked for a *cuartillo* of maize. "Let us see your account," said the clerk. The peon took his reed out of his pocket, and drew from it his *banker's-book*; but the horizontal line of creditor was as deficient in hieroglyphics as that of debtor was loaded with signs of every sort. The clerk harshly refused to sell him any thing until fresh orders, and returned him his account. The peon had, apparently, foreseen this reply, and resignation should have been easy to him; yet his countenance betrayed painful disappointment, and I was with a trembling hand that he sought to put back into its reed case the paper which he convulsively rolled up. I felt touched with compassion, and paid the clerk for the trifling loan which the poor labourer had solicited in vain. The peon instantly testified his gratitude by borrowing a second real (sixpence) and begging me to go with him to his hut to cure his wife, who had been long ill. I learnt, as we walked thither together, that it was this illness which had thrown him so behindhand as to cause him to be refused credit, now that he wanted it more than ever.

I found the peon's hut as destitute as I had expected. A few earthen vessels, and two or three dried cow's heads, used as seats, were the sole furniture. Two naked children, with swollen stomachs and rickety legs, played about a woman, whose thin, pallid face betokened the last stage of some slow disease. Stretched, rather than seated, under a shed in the inner court, this woman swung with a feeble hand, by means of an aloe string, a little hammock suspended to the sides of the shed, and in which slept a little child: it was a melancholy picture. I endeavoured to re-assure the father, by advising him to substitute a system of nourishment more appropriate to the weak health of his wife, for the pimento and cactus fruit on which the whole family lived; but I was quite aware that my recipe was impracticable to these unhappy beings deprived of everything. The father, however, rubbed his hands as he listened to me, and gave tokens of a delight which I could hardly suppose to be the effect of my exhortations. To my questions about this sudden and wonderful joy, he replied that the holy Virgin had sent him an idea, and that, before long, abundance would return to his home. As he spoke, he looked caressingly at an old rusty rifle which lay in a corner of the hut. It was in vain I interrogated him as to the use he meant to make of it. The peon would not explain, and contented himself with repeating that it was a triumphant—a glorious idea. I, therefore, left him without penetrating his secret, but re-assured by the thought that this rifle, worn out with rust, must be harmless, except, perhaps, to the person using it.

Two days afterwards, I called on the master of the hacienda; I found him purple with rage, and bullying severely a poor devil, who, with a rifle under his arm, and his head hanging down, awkwardly twisted his hat in his hands. I recognized the peon.

"Ah, *Senor don Ramon*!" I asked the hacendero, "what bad news have you just heard?"

"What I have heard!" exclaimed Don Ramon, "is, that my servants (God forgive me!) are in league with the jaguars for the destruction of my cattle! Here is another colt I have just lost by this fellow's awkwardness." He then continued with increasing vehemence,—"You know that, lately, those jaguars have every night made some havoc among my flocks. Yesterday morning, this vagabond stopped me to tell me of an idea which the holy Virgin, he said, had sent him for my interest."

"I thought so," humbly interrupted the accused.

"What he proposed was," continued Don Ramon, "to lay in wait for the jaguar in a spot which he pointed out to me, and to entice him there by means of a colt, which would serve as bait. He seemed so sure of himself, so sure of gaining the ten piasters' (2/) reward, that I was foolish enough to trust him with a colt six months old. Come, *rascals*, speak! What have you done with the poor animal? What has happened?"

"Well, then, señor," said the peon, trembling, "I had been lying in ambush in some underwood for two hours; the colt was fastened about ten feet off, wincing and neighing for its mother, when, suddenly, I saw in the darkness two eyes glaring like lighted cigarettes. I aimed in that direction, recommended my soul to God, and fired, turning my head away."

"And, instead of the tiger, you killed the colt!" exclaimed its exasperated proprietor.

"Oh, señor!" energetically interrupted the marksman, wounded in his self-love, "I only lamed him!"

"Killed or lamed, is it not the same thing?" roared the hacendero. "Go to the devil! or rather, go for eight hours to the *cepo*!"

"Yet it was a bright idea," sadly said the poor peon, who saw the abundance he had dreamed of for his starving family disappear; and he went out, with his head down, looking resigned, although tears silently rolled down his sunken cheeks. He was then to return to his cabin with empty hands, and had gained nothing but an eight hours' punishment for exposing his life. I knew the fearful poverty of this wretched man, had shared his hopes, although he had made a mystery to me of his plans; and so melancholy a termination affected me deeply.

CHAPTER II.—THE RENDEZVOUS.

"Ah! if Bermudes were here," exclaimed Don Ramon, "I should not have to lament such reiterated losses. God and St. Joseph grant that Bermudes may soon return!"

This Bermudes, surnamed *el Matasiete*,* was a hunter, whom I had met in company with a Canadian huntsman, at the time of my excursion to the *placer* of Bacuache, and who had given me a rendezvous at the *Noria*. The fervent wishes of Don Ramon were gratified, for, as he uttered them, a man entered the room; and in that man, so providentially arriving at the farm, I recognised Bermudes *el Matasiete*. A checked handkerchief, stained with large patches of dried blood, was his sole headress. The metal buttons and silver lace, which although tarnished, yet formerly set off a little his leather jacket and trousers, had now entirely disappeared. The shreds of his shirt hung out of the slits in his jacket, and his toes were completely through his shoes, worn out by his long march. His countenance still wore the expression of chivalric intrepidity which had before struck me, and the sun had only added a shade to the taw of his complexion.

"Is it indeed you, Matasiete?" exclaimed Don Ramon, advancing towards him, as if to assure himself he was not under an illusion.

"Matasiete! You may say, *Mataguince*," (Killer of fifteen) exclaimed the huntsman, drawing himself up with a theatrical air. "Yes, it is I, although, perhaps, you did not expect to see me again."

"I confess," said I, "that I began to fear you would never return."

When, a fortnight before, I had met the Mexican hunter and his companion, the Canadian, in the forest, the masculine physiognomy and determination of these two adventurers had made a strong impression on me. I reminded Bermudes of the evening he had spent at my encampment in the woods of Fronterac, after finding the traces of a party of Indians, who had given great alarm to the inhabitants of that village. I reminded him how, deprived by these robbers of the fruits of a perilous expedition, without his horse, of which they had left him only the saddle, he had, in my presence, made a vow to pursue them into their deserts—to carry the saddle on his head until he had put it on one of their backs,—to attack and kill them wherever he met them,—to sell their children as slaves, and to devote the produce of their sale to the souls in purgatory (*animas benditas*). Bermudes had, therefore, a rather nice account to settle with these holy souls. His reply gave me, however, to understand that he looked upon this affair of honour as concluded.

"As to the details," continued he, "if, señor, you would like to hear them, you will find me ready to communicate them this evening, at the time of the *oracion* (Angelus). I shall be at the *Ojo de Agua*, where my occupations call me."

That evening I bent my steps towards the spot called *Ojo de Agua*. It was a small spring, about a quarter of a league from the hacienda, and in a most picturesque situation. At the foot of a gentle slope, which terminated an amphitheatre of hillocks, the spring filled a circular basin, on the surface of which aquatic plants expanded their large glossy leaves. A cedar grew on the slope, and its lower branches dipped in the water the parasite mosses which covered them. Mahogany-trees, with their gnarled trunks, *sumachs*, *palos mulatos*, with exfoliated bark, rose in thick clusters above the cedar. On the opposite side, a glade, some thirty feet in diameter, spread under a thick wood of ash and banyan-trees, which formed a series of magnificent arcades. Such was the spot where I found the Mexican hunter, indolently stretched on the moss, and enjoying the coolness of the shade, at the entrance of one of the dark avenues which opened on to the glade. His blue-barrelled rifle was by his side. I congratulated Bermudes on having chosen for our meeting a spot whose wild beauty must in some sort add a fresh charm to the narrative of his adventures.

"I am delighted," said he, with a smile of which I did not at first perceive all the irony, "that this spot pleases you; but before long, you will find it even better chosen than you are aware of."

I had not forgotten the Canadian hunter, and asked, what had become of him.

"You will see him presently," said Bermudes; "he is busy finishing some preparations for this evening's meeting."

The setting sun illuminated the depths of the forest, when the backwoodsman joined us. The Canadian giant held his rifle in one hand, and with the other dragged along a little colt, who limped terribly, and struggled with all its might.

"Well, Dupont, are all the fires around the *Noria* prepared?" asked Bermudes.

The Canadian replied in the affirmative; and, after fastening the colt by a long and strong cord to the trunk of a cedar which overhung the stream, he came and laid down on the moss by our side. I understood nothing about this colt, and these unusual fires lighted round the *Noria*, and was curious to know the motive of these preparations. Matasiete replied, that it was to keep off the beasts of prey. I pressed for some more definite answer; the huntsman laughed.

"Have you not guessed?" said he.

"No."

"*Caramba!*" You are with us on the track of the tiger which gives the honored lord Don Ramon the nightmare!"

"On the track of a tiger!" I exclaimed, "you are laughing at me."

"No, indeed, I will prove to you that I am quite serious."

* Literally, the killer of seven.

So saying, Matasiete jumped up, and begging me to accompany him, led me to the brink of the spring. In the dim twilight, I perceived some formidable footprints on the damp earth.

"I feel certain that these footprints were made on the day before yesterday," said the hunter. "The jaguar has not drank for four and twenty hours. Therefore, as there is no water within twenty leagues, but the *Noria*, and this spring, the tiger, frightened, on the one hand, by the fires around the *Noria*, attracted on the other by thirst, and the scent of the colt, will infallibly come here to night."

This reasoning appeared to me unanswerable. I could doubt no longer, and found myself without arms of any kind, suddenly transformed into a tiger hunter. I returned to my seat on the moss. For a moment I asked myself if no imperious necessity required my immediate presence at the hacienda; but vanity soon got the upper hand, and I remained, although it seemed rather singular, to be tiger-hunting *en amateur*, without weapons, and with folded arms.

As to the two associates, they established themselves comfortably under the branches of a banyan tree, as if they trusted entirely to my taking care of their safety. The Canadian indolently stretched his robust limbs on the turf, and I could not help contemplating with admiration the heroic indifference of this last specimen of an almost extinct race of adventurers.

"Sit down near me," said Bermudes, "I will tell you all that has happened to us since you gave us hospitality at your encampment. We have plenty of time before us, for the beasts of prey only wake up when man sleeps: darkness increases their strength and fury. It is now hardly seven, and I do not expect the tiger we are lying in wait for before eleven."

I had, therefore, four hours to pass in expectation, which, although somewhat painful, did not stifle in me the most affectionate interest which the Mexican huntsman and his companion of adventure had excited in me. By a practical joke, which to him appeared perfectly legitimate, the rough huntsman had added, as a picturesque framework, the reality of a present danger to the resemblance of his past dangers. I had come only to listen, and at any moment the narrative might give way to action.

CHAPTER III.—TRACKING THE INDIANS.

"After taking leave of you," said the huntsman, "we spent two days in reconnoitering the traces of the Apache Indians, which it was very easy for us to do, notwithstanding innumerable windings; and I even found the footmarks of my horse among the numerous vestiges, which facilitated our discoveries. A closer inspection of these footmarks apprised me that the poor animal stumbled under a burden too heavy for him. My rage increased at the thought. The footmarks of my own horse soon became confounded amongst numerous horse and mule footmarks, whence we concluded that fresh depredations had been committed."

"When we reached the bank of one of the arms of the *Rio San Pedro*, we suddenly lost all traces of the fugitives. It was the third day's march since our meeting. In vain we crossed and recrossed the river, and sought everywhere; the shingle which covered its bank bore no traces of the Indians. We were for the second time off the scent. Evening found us already far from the river, and exhausted with fatigue. It was the Canadian's turn to watch, and I was sleeping soundly, when my companion woke me."

"What is it?" I asked. "Have you at last found the right track?"

"Look!" said he, constant to his habit of speaking as little as possible in the woods.

"I rubbed my eyes, and perceived behind us a faint glimmer reddening the horizon."

"It is a hill where they are burning weeds," said I.

"You are still asleep," replied my companion.

"I once more rubbed my eyes; I then saw that the distant illumination could not be produced by a continuous sheet of flame, but by fires placed near together. The smoke was not black like that of fresh and dry grasses burning together; it moreover ascended in spiral columns. Moreover, these fires were surrounded at their base by vapors winding over the plain to some distance. This mist indicated the tortuous course of the river, and the Indians had, doubtless, pitched their camp on one of the islands formed by its windings. My comrade was right."

"Forwards," said I.

"Forwards," replied the Canadian: and we retraced our steps.

"We then advanced with more prudence than we had hitherto done, for the country was open, and we had to fear that the Indians might have sent out scouts, although, trusting to their numbers, they did not seem to take much precaution to conceal their traces. We had marked more than twenty different footmarks following each other. Every Indian, as you know, endeavors to walk, so to speak, in the steps of the one who precedes him, and the number of our enemies might be estimated at about thirty. Fortunately, we were able, undiscovered, to reach the bank of the river. We were not mistaken in our conjectures."

"On an islet, surrounded by trees, fires were lighted at equal distances, and we could distinctly see the red bodies of these dogs shining in the fire-light through the interstices of the trees. As far as I could see, all wore on the left wrist the leathern bracelet,* which serves to distinguish the Indian warrior from the cowardly wretches one is from time to time exposed to meet in the desert. I had, therefore, to meet with enemies worthy of me. Frequently I raised my rifle to my shoulder, yielding to the almost irresistible desire of knocking down one of those red devils, and as often my companion lowered the barrel of my weapon. I consented to listen to the counsels of prudence, and repressed my impetuosity; but it was not without difficulty. Remember, that we had been tracking them seventeen days, and you can understand the impossibility of giving up our object at the moment we had attained it. The only choice left was the moment of attack; prudence exhorted us to reconnoitre our position before commencing hostilities. We therefore examined our ground. All around us, with the exception of a continuous fringe of osiers and cotton trees, the banks were alternately woody and open. Further on, following the course of the river, and half hidden in the morning mist, was a little islet, out of rifle reach from that where our robbers were encamped. The rogues had chosen a post impossible to surpri e. The moon threw so bright a light upon the sheet of water round their island, that it was easy to see the little frothy eddies which the current formed round a few large stones which had fallen into the stream; we could even distinguish the leaves of aquatic plants, round which the moon cast a whitish light. These signs indicated that, at that spot, the water was fordable. We quietly left the ford, which the Indians had

* This leathern bracelet, and a species of covering for the palm of the hand are the distinctive signs of the Indian warriors. The first serves to deaden the effect of the rebound of the bow-string; the second prevents the arrow feathers from tearing the skin of the hand.

probably crossed, and must cross at break of day, when they left their isle, and established our blockade at some distance under the osiers.

"We held council in whispers. We knew the habits of the Indians sufficiently to presume that they had only chosen this spot with so much care, in order to spend a day there hunting, and would disperse themselves in groups to that effect. We could only hope to overcome them if favoured by this circumstance. As I had slept a few minutes, I persuaded the Canadian to do the same, and sat down by his side. He soon snored as he is doing at this moment, whilst I continued to watch the enemy through the boughs which sheltered me. The river murmured softly, and I should have fallen asleep, I think, had not the silence of the night been broken from time to time by the yells of the Indians. 'Yes, yes,' I said to myself, 'yell with pleasure, you rascals, until our rifles make you yell with pain.' At last they also appeared to sleep, for I saw them lie down round their fires, and heard nothing but the ripple of the water, and the rustling of the leaves in the wind. The hours passed away thus very slowly. At the break of day our fate was to be decided. A few crows croaked already in the dawn. Soon we heard the sound of oars, and through the dim light we distinguished in a canoe, three Indians carefully crossing the river towards the bank we were on. The Canadian pressed my arm with violence; we both put one knee to the ground after fresh priming our rifles, ready to fire if chance brought them our way; and we waited in terrible anxiety."

At that moment Bermudes was interrupted, the colt reared suddenly, and the bushes crackled with so lugubrious a sound, that I could not help shuddering.

"Did you not hear a roar?" said I to Bermudes.

The hunter shook his head smilingly.

"When you have once, only once, heard the roar of the tiger," he replied, "you will never confound it with the hum of the mosquitoes. In a few hours you will be as well informed on that point as myself."

It was a false alarm. The hunter continued:—

"You conceive, that if discovered, we were done for, for we should have had all those demons on us at once. The moment of their landing was, therefore, one of agony to us. During a few minutes they spent in consultation, we remained breathless; fortunately they took the road opposite to our hiding-place. The three Apaches went up the stream. I had with me that cursed saddle, which in a moment of exasperation I had made a vow to put on the body of one of the robbers, whether dead or alive. I concealed it under the branches, then profiting by the trees which skirted the river, we crept silently after the Indians. The Canadian, notwithstanding his size, crept with the agility of a boar, and I followed him as well as I was able. We had scarcely gone thus a hundred paces, when we roused up a magnificent stag, which bounded off in the direction of our enemies. The shrill whistle of a bow told us he had been seen, and the animal fell twenty yards from us, closely followed by the Indian who had wounded, and now hastened to finish, him. The stag, in defending himself, threw down his antagonist; and I was still stupified at this unforeseen alarm, when the Canadian, whom I thought near me, had already sprung forward, and with his knife in one hand nailed the Indian to the ground, with the other stifled a cry of agony which we alone heard."

"That's one," said the Canadian.

"We listened with anxiety; the distant voices of the Indians calling their comrade echoed through the wood. The Canadian answered by endeavouring to imitate the cry of the huntsman in pursuit of a stag. A second call, at a still greater distance, gave us to understand that the two Indians wished their companion good luck, and we heard no more. All this had passed in less time than I take telling it, and it was still twilight. It was only favoured by the semi-obscurity that we could hope to surprise the two other Apaches, and it was necessary to make haste. As we left the islet on which the Indians were encamped, and were only two against two, we needed legs precaution, and walked faster in the direction of the voices we had heard. We reached thus a little stream which flowed into the river, and followed its course in silence for some minutes."

TAKING OF LINLITHGOW CASTLE.

When Robert Bruce was lying in Torwood Castle, not far from Falkirk, a man by the name of Binnoch, a farmer in the neighbourhood, who supplied the garrison at Linlithgow, then in possession of the English king, proposed to Bruce to take possession of the garrison by a stratagem, which he accomplished.

Having been introduced to Bruce at Torwood, Binnoch intimated that he had something of great importance to communicate, and inquired whether he might speak with confidence. Being assured that he might, he proceeded thus:

"Aweel sir, the business I can' upon is just this. I supply the garrison, ye see sir, o' Lithgow wi' hay; now I've observed that they're a' when idle, careless fellows, mair taken up wi' their play than their duty."

Bruce's eye here kindled with a sudden fire, and his whole countenance became animated with an expression of fierce eagerness that strongly contrasted with its former placidity. He was now all attention to the communication of his humble visitor.

"What! the castle of Linlithgow, friend!" exclaimed Bruce, with a slight smile of mingled surprise and incredulity. "You take the Castle of Linlithgow! Pray, my good fellow, how would you propose to do that?"

"Why sir, by a very simple process," replied Binnoch, undauntedly, "I wad put a dozen or fifteen stout weel armed, resolute fellows, in my cart, cover them ower wi' hay, and introduce them into the garrison as a load o' provender. If they were ance in, an' the chiefs were themselves of the richt stuff, I'll wad my head to a pease bannock that the castle's ours in fifteen minutes."

"And would you undertake to do this, my good friend?" said Bruce, gravely, struck with the idea, and impressed with its practicability.

"Readily, and wi' a richt guid will, sir," replied Binnoch, "provided ye fin' me the men; but they maun be the very wale o' your flock; its no a job for faint hearts or nerveless arms."

"The men ye shall have, my brave fellow; and if ye succeed your country will be indebted to you. But it is a perilous undertaking; there will be hard fighting, and ye may lose your head by it. Have you thought of that?"

"I have, sir," replied Binnoch, firmly. "As to the fechtin', we are like to gie them as guid as we get. And for the hangin', the Scotsman is no deservin' o' the name that's no ready to brave death, in any form, for his country."

Bruce caught the enthusiasm of the speaker; a tear started into his eye, and seizing the hand of the humble patriot—

"My noble fellow," he said, "would to God all Scotsmen were like thee. Beneath that homely plaid of thine there beats a heart of which any knight in Christendom might be proud. Lose or win, this shall not be forgotten."

Having made the necessary arrangements, and agreed upon a sign, for communicating with each other, Binnoch took his departure from the castle of Torwood.

The next day the men selected by Bruce were at Binnoch's house, having been admitted through the preconcerted signal. They repaired to the barn, and were snugly packed away in the hay cart, armed with steel caps and short swords. Everything being in readiness, Binnoch hid a sword amongst the hay, for his own use, and in such a situation that he could easily seize it when wanted. He also provided himself with a poniard, which he concealed beneath his waistcoat. Thus prepared at all points, the intrepid peasant set forward with his load of daring hearts, and having arrived at the castle, he and his cart were immediately admitted. They proceeded onwards till they came to the centre of the court-yard, when Binnoch gave the preconcerted signal to his associates, which was conveyed in the words, spoken in a loud voice—"Forward, Greys-tail, forward!" as if addressing his horse, which he at the same time struck with his whip to complete the deception.

These words were no sooner uttered than the hay, with which the daring adventurers were covered, was seen to move, and the next instant it was thrown over upon the pavement, to the inexpressible amazement of the idlers who were looking on; and, to their still greater surprise, fifteen armed men leapt, with fearful shouts, into the court-yard, when, being instantly headed by Binnoch, the work of death began. Every man within their reach at the moment was cut down. The guard-room was assailed, and all in it put to death, and passing from apartment to apartment, they swept the garrison, and took possession of it. The attack had been so sudden, so unexpected, and so vigorous, that its unfortunate occupants, six times their number, had no time to rally or defend themselves, and thus fell an easy prey to the bold adventurers.

We have only to add that Binnoch was rewarded by Bruce, for this important service, with some valuable lands in the parish of Linlithgow; and that his descendants had for their arms a *hay-wain*, with the motto, *virtute doloque*.

The following is a different, and probably a more correct version of Binnoch's adventure, from Sir W. Scott's Tales of a Grandfather. "Binnoch had been ordered by the English governor to furnish some cart loads of hay of which they were in want. He promised to bring it accordingly; but the night before he drove the hay to the castle, he stationed a party of his friends, as well armed as possible, near the entrance, where they could not be seen by the garrison, and gave them directions that they should come to his assistance as soon as they should hear him cry a signal, which was to be, 'Call all, call all!' Then he loaded a great waggon with hay. But in the waggon he placed eight strong men, well armed, lying flat on their breasts, and covered over with hay, so that they could not be seen. He himself walked carelessly beside the waggon; and he chose the stoutest and bravest of his servants to be the driver, who carried at his belt a strong axe or hatchet. In this way Binnoch approached the castle, early in the morning; and the watchmen, who only saw two men, Binnoch being one of them, with a cart of hay, which they expected, opened the gates, and raised up the portcullis, to permit them to enter the castle. But as soon as the cart had gotten under the gateway, Binnoch made a sign to his servant, who, with his axe, suddenly cut asunder the *soam*, that is, the yoke which fastens the horses to the cart, and the horses finding themselves free, naturally started forward, the cart remaining behind under the arch of the gate. At the same time Binnoch cried, as loud as he could, 'Call all, call all!' and drawing his sword, which he had under his country habit, he killed the porter. The armed men then jumped up from under the hay where they lay concealed, and rushed on the English guard. The Englishmen tried to shut the gates, but they could not, because the cart of hay remained in the gateway, and prevented the folding doors from being closed. The portcullis was also let fall, but the grating was caught in the cart, and so could not drop to the ground. The men who were in ambush near the gate hearing the cry, 'Call all, call all!' ran to assist those who had leaped out from among the hay; the castle was taken, and all the Englishmen killed or made prisoners. King Robert rewarded Binnoch by bestowing on him an estate, which his posterity long afterwards enjoyed. The Binnings of Wallyford, descended from that person, still bear in their coat armorial a wain loaded with hay, with the motto, 'virtute doloque.'"

BANCROFT'S HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES.

From the Edinburgh Review.

History of the United States, from the Discovery of the American Continent. By GEORGE BANCROFT. Ninth Edition. 8vo. Boston: 1841. By GEORGE BANCROFT. Fifth Edition. 3 vols. 8vo. Boston: 1841.

The double title page, as above given, suggests an explanation of the general scheme of Mr. Bancroft's History. "I have," he says, "formed the design of writing a history of the United States from the discovery of the American Continent to the present time." But the three volumes published together in 1841, form one complete work; and are what the second title-page imports—History of the Colonization by England of the countries now constituting the United States of America. In a notice at the end of the third volume, Mr. Bancroft informs us, "That this volume completes the History of the Colonization of the United States. In the arrangement of my subject, the great drama of their independence opens with the attempt of France and England to carry the peace of Aix la Chapelle into effect. Should the propriety of the point of time selected for the division be questioned, I will ask for the present a suspension of judgment."

At this period, the thirteen colonies which afterwards declared and achieved their independence, were all firmly established. The forms of their colonial governments were determined, and the great difficulties which have always attended the first attempts to plant a colony had been happily overcome. The dominion of the metropolis appeared to be paramount and secure—and all struggles against her authority to have ended in a complete submission to her will. The colonial system was elaborately organized, and apparently securely established.

From this time a new order of things was to begin. A great nation had, in fact, been created by the labours of a century. The interference of that country, from which for the most part this new people had issued, now became irksome. All the dangers of colonization being overcome, the scattered offshoots from their great parent stem began to regard themselves as one people, having common interests, and common enemies; and among the chief of these last, to consider that distant and haughty metropolis whence they derived their being, their language, and their institutions. The results from this altered condition of their existence, form the subject of the second, and yet unfinished portion of Mr. Bancroft's History; and he says—"If my labours thus far are accepted by my country, no higher reward can be hoped for, than to hear, from the favoring opinion of the people, the summons to go forward, and write the history of the American Revolution achieved by our fathers, nor for themselves and their posterity only, but for the world."

Important as that revolution must ever be considered, and exciting though it must naturally be to an American, still, the early struggles of the colonies for their very existence, is to the general reader the most interesting and suggestive portion of their history. The conquests of Mexico and Peru by the Spaniards, have indeed a species of marvel and romance attending them, to which the progress of the English upon the more northern portions of the continent offers nothing similar; nevertheless, a far more sustained and a wider interest belongs to the early fortunes of our countrymen in those inhospitable regions. A blaze of renown surrounded Cortes, and his inferior cotemporary and countryman Pizarro. Enormous wealth at once flowed into the coffers of the Spanish monarch; a vast and fertile territory was quickly added to his dominions; and Spaniards, with their language and their religion, peopled the wild regions which extend from California almost to the southern point of South America. But a dark night succeeded this dazzling dawn. Political and religious despotism settled down upon the land rendering the people unfit to govern themselves and incapable of a steady obedience to any one else. The great power of Spain, and the great interest felt in the colonies, both by her kings and by the nation at large, gave an extraordinary impetus to the peopling of their new possessions in America.

Cities arose, magnificent, rich, and for a time thronged with inhabitants, and busy with trade. Splendor and wealth and power attended the fortunate possessors of lands teeming with all the products of an exquisite climate. Convents, churches, and palaces were built, which vied with, if they did not surpass, those of Spain herself. And it seemed as if the Spanish dominion would soon extend from Cape Horn to the North Pole, and give her an overwhelming preponderance not only in America, but the world. But this brilliant and showy system contained within itself a fatal taint—a certain cause of early and of rapid decline. This deadly disease lurked in the institutions which Spain established in her colonial dominions; it not only destroyed her colonial greatness, but sapped the foundations of her European power; and reduced her, from the towering supremacy which once threatened the whole of Europe as well as America, to that abject and powerless condition which she now exhibits.

The progress of the English colonies affords a striking contrast to all this sudden splendor and rapid decay. Their early struggles, and pretty wars, were not for an extensive power and almost countless wealth. They landed on a dreary shore, to brave the rigors of a most inhospitable climate, to combat savages as fierce as the clime, and more numerous than the intruders: to wring from a niggard soil a scanty existence and to win a narrow footing for their humble bones, not only without the aid, but almost in direct opposition to the wishes, of the government of their native country. But these hardy and daring colonists brought with them that which was of greater value than the almost fabulous wealth of Mexico and Peru—the habit of self government, and submissive obedience to the omnipotence of the Law;—attesting, with more authority than the most laborious antiquarian arguments, the ancient date of liberal institutions in the land that gave them birth. Happily for America, the kings of England, and the government, took little interest in the early fortunes of the colonies, and therefore did not, at the outset, interfere with the settlements formed by our countrymen. The reigning feelings in England, however, naturally put their stamp and impress upon the institutions which were formed. The character of Englishmen determined the nature of the law and government established, and their self-relying and undaunted spirit was strongly manifest in every colony which they planted in America.

The great renown of Columbus (a renown indeed richly deserved) has obscured the history of the first discoverers of the American continent; and the romantic exploits of the Spanish captains have so occupied the attention of mankind, that the equally daring, though not equally successful deeds of the English adventurers are comparatively unknown. England, nevertheless, which has given a people to the northern continent of America, and spread her language over it, sent forth Cabot, who was its first discoverer.

"In the new career of western adventure," says Mr. Bancroft, "the American continent was first discovered under the auspices of the English, and the coast of the United States by a native of England. In the history of maritime enterprise in the New World, the achievements of John and Sebastian Cabot are in boldness, success, and results, second only to those of Columbus."—(p. 7.) * * * "Yet the Cabots derived little benefit from the expedition which their genius had suggested, and of which they alone defrayed the expense. Posterity hardly remembered, that they had reached the American continent nearly fourteen months before Columbus on his third voyage, came in sight of the main land; and almost two years before Amerigo Vespucci sailed west of the Canaries. But England acquired, through their energy, such a right to North America as this indisputable priority could confer. Henry VII. and his successors recognized the claims of Spain and Portugal only so far as they actually occupied the territories to which they laid pretensions; and at a later day, the English courts derided a title, founded not upon occupancy, but upon a grant from the Roman pontiff."—(Vol. i., p. 10.)

This discovery of the continent of America occurred in June, 1497; and in latitude of fifty six degrees north. In a second voyage, undertaken in the subsequent year, 1498, John Cabot and his son, Sebastian, sailed down the coast to a latitude which by Mr. Bancroft is supposed to be probably as low as Albatraz Sound, and corresponding with that of Gibraltar. One great purpose of this voyage was to ascertain "what manner of lands those Indies were to inhabit." A circumstance the more remarkable, as to plant colonies was not the ordinary purpose of discovery in those days. The first object proposed by Columbus, was to discover a western route to India, and for a long period every subsequent navigator strove to attain it. The extraordinary wealth of Mexico and Peru, however, gave a new direction to the wild spirit of adventure that prevailed among all the great nations of Europe. Gold and silver were now the things sought by every sanguine adventurer, and no lands were deemed worthy of consideration, which did not supply these precious metals. In search of them, one adventurer after another roamed along the coasts, and over the immense territories of the continent, until subjects of different kingdoms had wandered from Hudson's Bay to the Gulf of Florida, and as far westward as the Missouri. Various nations laid claim to the same lands, each supposing or at least asserting itself to be the original discoverer. For many years, the only result—the evil of which has continued to the present time—was an interminable confusion, and complication rights, the fruitful source of disputation and strife.

To France is due the honor of having been the first nation to form a comprehensive system of colonization in North America; and that, too, before the extravagant hopes respecting gold and silver had, by constant disappointment, been driven from men's minds. It is a curious fact, suggesting many interesting and important subjects for consideration and inquiry, that, in both hemispheres—in Hindostan and in America—France has preceded England with a great and systematic scheme of acquiring power and territory, and that, in both cases, her su-

perior political forethought has been defeated. This result, also, is the more extraordinary, from the acknowledged superiority of French over Englishmen in so dealing with the natives of both regions, as to make them subservient to their preconcerted plan of aggrandizement. In the reign of Francis the First, of France, (1534,) Jacques Cartier,* having discovered the great river St. Lawrence, proposed a plan for the colonization of the country.

It was supposed that a country lying in the latitude of the most southern part of France, would be blessed like it with a genial climate; and so sanguine were the hopes raised by the discoveries of Cartier, that the king issued a commission for the formation of a colony, and provided three well-furnished ships to carry out the emigrants—amongst whom were to be found young nobles who volunteered their services to establish a New France in the happy regions discovered by their adventurous countrymen.

In this case, as in so many others, the hopes of the earliest settlers were cruelly disappointed. But the plan of establishing a colony was persevered in; and many years before any attempt was made by Englishmen to establish a settlement in America, the permanent foundations of many colonies were laid by France; all of which were included under the general name of La Nouvelle France, and one large portion of which has since received the name of Canada. In remarkable contrast to all that occurred in the early settlements of the English, the monarch, the court, the nobles, and the priesthood, manifested a marked interest in the fortunes of those who were thus endeavouring to extend the dominions of their country. We do not by this mean to assert, that the English government and monarchs of those days manifested no cupidity for the gold and silver which every part of the American continent was supposed to contain; for, in truth, they exhibited no small desire for immediate and extravagant gain; but for all else they cared nothing. They evidently had conceived no plan for an extensive system of colonization, the object of which was to extend the name and language and relations of the mother country—to create new marts for her trade, and an outlet for her superabundant population. In the instance of Raleigh a sort of countenance was afforded, which arose partly from romance, and partly from a hope of amassing great store of gold and silver. But the romance soon died away, and the gold and silver never were discovered. From the first, the colonies of England have struggled into existence beset by danger and distress. They were created by, and in turn created, stout hands and brave hearts. The early and dangerous efforts of the colonists have left their impress on the character of the people; and that bold, adventurous, yet wary spirit, which enabled them to create an empire, has been left as a legacy to their multitudinous progeny, who seem indeed destined indefinitely to extend it.

The colonization of the thirteen provinces which eventually became the United States of America, was begun, in fact, in the year 1584, by Raleigh, (Virginia being the first English colony;) and it may, as far as England is concerned, be deemed to have been ended by Oglethorpe, who, in the reign of George II., and in the year 1732, established, by power of a charter from the king, the colony "of Georgia, and placed it for twenty-one years under the guardianship of a corporation in trust for the poor."—(Vol. iii., p. 419.)

Within the period of time which elapsed between these two epochs, is comprised the history of the colonization of the United States. Of the colonies thus planted, two stand out as prominent figures in this imposing picture. From the first moment of their existence to the present time, these two provinces have exercised an extraordinary and dissimilar influence upon the character of the whole united colonies; and if we desire to understand the history of this people, we must be thoroughly conversant with the fortunes of Virginia on the one hand, and New England on the other.

Virginia, originally a vast and almost undefined territory, was at various periods curtailed of its proportions, and came at last to signify the one, and compared with its alienated territory, the same state or province denominated Virginia; while out of the extensive tracts subtracted from its dominion, various other states have been successively established. These states having no peculiar bond of union, formed each a distinct and separate integer in the union which afterwards took place. But the fortunes of New England were entirely different. That name is applied to provinces which, though separate as colonies, and as independent states, have still from their infancy been united by a union moral and political. The character of the people is the same; the circumstances which called them separately into existence were of a nature to make them for many purposes a united body; and these circumstances, which in reality form the romance of their history, have given a peculiar and distinctive character to the people, and have endowed them with an extraordinary influence over the destinies of all the states with whom they have entered into confederacy. To the most casual observer, it must be evident that the leaven of the New England states has "leavened the whole lump;" and out of a mass of very heterogeneous elements, has formed a singularly homogeneous people. Had the fanaticism of the New England Puritans never existed, it may safely be asserted, that the United States would not have been called into being.

Virginia was established by a set of daring, enthusiastic, and even chivalrous adventurers. The character of the people was affected by that of their great leader; and to this hour, the spirit of Raleigh seems to hover over that country to which his perseverance and adventure first led the way, and gave a name.

Maryland, strange to say, a Catholic province, might be deemed the chosen birth-place of perfect religious toleration. The kindly nature of Calvert, (Lord Baltimore,) "far from guarding his territory against any but those of his persuasion, as he had taken from himself and his successors all arbitrary power by establishing the legislative franchises of the people, so he took from them the means of being intolerant in religion by securing to all present and future liege people of the English king, without distinction of sect or party, free leave to transport themselves and their families to Maryland. Christianity was by the charter made the law of the land but no preference was given to any sect; and equality of religious rights, not less than in civil freedom, was insured."—(Vol. i., p. 243.)

Massachusetts in like manner was the offspring of religious enthusiasm; but, while the Catholic sought a safe home for himself in the wilderness and gave shelter to all others, of whatsoever creed, who wished for a quiet haven—the Puritan, fleeing also from oppression, withdrew himself from the corrupt communion of all churches but his own—made his own will the paramount law, and laid the foundations of what he termed a "perfect republic."

In curious contrast with the institutions established by the people in Massachusetts, and in Maryland by the kind-hearted Lord Baltimore, were those of the succeeding colony of Carolina. "Massachusetts and Carolina were both colonized," says Mr. Bancroft, "under proprietary charters, and of both,

* A plan for colonizing in North America was, indeed, proposed so early as 1518, by De Lery and St. Just; but nothing seems to have been done in furtherance of it.—(Mr. Bancroft's History, Vol. i., 16-n. 6.)

the charters were subverted; but while the proprietaries of the former were emigrants themselves, united by the love of religious liberty, the proprietaries of the latter were a company of English courtiers, combined for the purpose of a vast speculation in lands. The government established in Massachusetts was essentially popular, and was the growth of the soil; the constitution of Carolina was invented in England. Massachusetts was originally colonized by a feeble band of suffering yet resolute exiles, and its institutions were the natural result of the good sense and instinct for liberty of an agricultural people; Carolina was settled under the auspices of the wealthiest and most influential nobility, and its fundamental laws were framed with forethought by the most sagacious politician [Shaftesbury] and the most profound philosopher [Locke] of England. The king, through an obsequious judiciary, annulled the government of Massachusetts; the colonists repudiated the constitutions of Carolina. The principles of the former possessed an inherent vitality, which nothing has yet been able to destroy; the frame of the latter, as it disappeared, left no trace of its transitory existence, except in the institutions which sprung from its decay."—(Vol. ii., p. 129.)

Still further to heighten the apparent discord among the materials, which were in after days to unite into one formidable people, the next group of colonies were originally settled by foreigners. The Dutch West India Company acquired possession of an immense tract of territory and in the centre of the sea board of the continent—and the colony of New Netherlands, out of which were carved New Jersey, Delaware, and New York, was the offspring of this commercial corporation. The people of Sweden also contributed their quota to this heterogeneous combination.

"The first permanent colonization of the banks of the Delaware is due to Oxeenstern.

"Yet more than four years passed away before the design was carried into effect. We have seen Minuits, the first governor of New Amsterdam, forfeit his place amidst the strifes of faction. He now offered the benefit of his experience to the Swedes, and leaving Sweden probably near the close of the year 1637, he sailed to the Bay of Delaware. Two vessels, the *Key of Calmar*, and the *Griffin*, formed his whole fleet; the care of the Swedish government provided the emigrants with a religious teacher, with provisions, and merchandise to traffic with the natives. Early in the year 1638, the little company of Swedes and Finns arrived in the Delaware Bay; the lands of the Southern cape, which the emigrants from hyperborean regions named *Paradise Point*, to the falls in the river near *Trenton*, were purchased of the natives; and near the mouth of *Christian Creek*, within the limits of the present state of Delaware, *Christina Fort*, so called from the little girl who was the *Queen of Sweden*, was erected. Delaware was colonized."—(Vol. ii., p. 287.)

Next came Penn, laying the foundations of Pennsylvania, upon the quaker doctrines of morality and religion.

"Meantime, the news spread abroad, that William Penn the quaker had opened an asylum to the good and the oppressed of every nation, and humanity went through Europe, gathering the children of misfortune. From England and Wales, Scotland and Ireland, and the Low Countries, emigrants crowded to the land of promise. On the banks of the Rhine, it was whispered that the plans of *Gustavus Adolphus* and *Oxeenstern* were consummated; new companies were formed under better auspices than those of the Swedes; and from the highlands above *Worms*, the humble people who had melted at the eloquence of Penn, the quaker emissary, renounced their German homes for the protection of the quaker king. There is nothing in the history of the human race like the confidence which the virtues and instructions of William Penn inspired. The progress of his province was more rapid than the progress of New England. In August, 1683, Philadelphia consisted of three or four little cottages; the colonies were yet undisturbed in their hereditary burrows; the deer fearlessly rushed past blazed trees, unconscious of foreboded streets; the stranger that wandered from the river banks, was lost in the interminable forest; and two years afterwards, the place contained about six hundred houses, and the schoolmaster and the printing office had begun their work. In three years from its foundation, Philadelphia gained more than New York had done in half a century. This was the happiest season in the public life of William Penn. 'I must without vanity say'—such was his honest exclamation—'I have led the greatest colony into America that ever any man did upon a private credit, and the most prosperous beginnings that ever were in it, are to be found among us.'—(Vol. ii. p. 394.)

Pennsylvania was the twelfth colony; and when *Oglethorpe*, towards the middle of the next century founded that of Georgia, the celebrated thirteen provinces, which, in a few years were to proclaim themselves independent as the United States of America, were permanently established.

To any observer who considers the peculiar character and apparently hostile nature, of these various communities, their subsequent close union must be matter of astonishment. And we are naturally led to inquire into the remarkable circumstances which created, and maintained through great perils, their voluntary association. The explanation of this phenomena is to be found in their early history—and it appears to have been Mr Bancroft's purpose, by a careful, accurate, and copious narrative of the strange fortunes which attended the creation of these infant states, to supply to his country and the world the solution of the problem here proposed. To say that he has done this without being subject to the prepossessions and even prejudices of his countrymen, would not be the truth—and would, in fact, be hardly a compliment. Mr Bancroft is a zealous republican—and belongs, moreover to that class of politicians who are in America denominated the democratic party. He is proud of his country, jealous of her fame, (too jealous sometimes,) and exulting, when he contemplates her future destinies. He writes, therefore, with an earnest purpose, and strong feelings—but also with a kindness and generosity, which win favor for the writer, as well as faith for his History. A citizen of Massachusetts, he has produced a work which may be taken as an accurate, and it is certainly a pleasing, exhibition of the tone and feeling now prevalent among the leading minds of New England. The fierce old Puritan spirit has there been refined and sublimated by the principles to which, while resisting the mother country, the people of New England were obliged to appeal. Single handed, they had no chance of success in a struggle with England. But before they could hope to form alliance with, and receive aid from any of their colonial brethren, it was necessary for them to cast off the bigotry and intolerance which their ancestors had brought with them from their native land. Calamity, too, and danger, and all the many and severe trials which attended the settlement of their barren country, tended much to soften the asperity of the Puritan's character. Wise and generous principles of civil and religious liberty, by degrees subverted the stern dogmas of the ancient faith. Unrestrained discussion led to the dissemination of doctrines of the most extended benevolence: till, at length the prevalent tone—that which may indeed be considered the fashion of New England, and of its literature—is one of gentleness and peace, and brotherly

love. In their law, this kindly spirit is evinced, by enactments founded on the widest and most confiding principles of tolerance and liberality. But in their literature, still in its infancy, it manifests itself in a species of exaggerated sentimentality, which imparts an air of weakness and almost effeminacy to most of the productions even of those who are deservedly honoured as their chief writers, philosophers, and statesmen. Their enthusiasm loves a stilted and affected phrase—their eloquence is florid unto weakness—and their style is not often, we may, indeed, say never, distinguished by that severe and masculine taste which always attends grave thoughts, and which alone befits a great people.

To an English reader, this work, however, will recommend itself, not merely by the kindly spirit which pervades it, but, also, by the novelty of much of the information it contains, and by the manner in which that information is conveyed.

The circumstances which attended the formation of each separate colony, are, to that colony, matters of the greatest interest, and the subject of most earnest research. In the mighty turmoil of our greater world these events passed almost unheeded, and were soon forgotten. While the foundations of Virginia and Massachusetts were laying, the great revolution of 1640 was preparing. The restoration of the Stuarts, all the grievous consequences of that great change, left the people of England little time or inclination to watch the progress of the disputes which occurred among the emigrants in America; or even to notice the wars which they waged with the rival colonies of Holland and Sweden. The state of Rhode Island might receive its wonderful charter from the prodigal Charles—Pennsylvania take laws from its benevolent founder—Locke and Shaftesbury might indulge in their experiments at legislation for Carolina; but the people of this country regarded them not. Time went on; and amongst us, the struggles, distress, and eventual success of these colonies, were unknown. Neglect, happy in its consequences, was for many years their portion. At length it was found that a great people, "bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh," had risen up in America. How this happened we knew not—care not: their present worth was all we sought to know—their past fortunes we were content should be consigned to oblivion. The colonists, however, regarded their early history with very different feelings. They look back with reverence and love to those who led their forefathers to the wilderness. The stories of their great deeds—of their valor, patience, and wisdom, are sacred legends for their descendants—carefully stored up in the recollections of each succeeding generation—dwelt upon with rapture, and related to their children with enthusiastic veneration. The condition of the United States of America with respect to their history is peculiar. Every portion of it is authentic. The origin of most of the nations of the earth is enveloped in obscurity—a mythic narrative has supplied the place of authentic story. The imagination of successive, and more polished ages, has been employed in weaving that web of fiction with which the vanity of every people has sought to piece out the past. To exalt, to adorn, and to believe these fictions, has usually become a portion of the national religion. The less there was known, the greater was the scope for the skill of the poet, and the art of the priest. The mythic heroes became patterns of virtue—after the fashion of their people—exaggerated models of national excellence.

Thus, the very obscurity of a nation's origin contributed to refine its character. To this species of influence, whether for good or evil, the national character of the American people has never been subjected. Leaving a civilized nation, they carried with them all the means and appliances of the highest civilization the world then knew: and among these the printing-press, to which very early they gave perfect freedom. Every step of their progress has been recorded, and is known. The leaders of their various emigrations are no fabulous demigods, endowed with virtue and skill at the will of the rhapsodist and chronicler. What faults they had have been severely noted; the good they did has not "been interred with their bones," but lives recorded in the recollections of a grateful people. In truth, the race of men who thus went forth to found a great empire, were many of them well worthy of a nation's love; and England, who gave them birth, who bred, nourished, and educated them, may take an honest pride in the influence which their memory still exercises over the many millions who now swarm throughout the vast regions of America. If we wish to read the history of America with profit, and to derive from it the many valuable lessons which it can impart, we must school ourselves to view it in this spirit. We must check the risings of our hurt pride, and subdue the angry feelings generated by the unfortunate conflict with our colonies. We should endeavour to read with American as well as English feelings. The history is a history of English colonization. Our mission as the founders of empires is far from being yet fulfilled. Africa, a large part of America, and the whole of Australasia, not to speak of the vast islands of the Indian seas, are destined to receive a new people, language, religion, arts, and literature from England. Our first great experiment was made in America. The story of our doings there, is a wonderful, endless series of instructive lessons, much needed by ourselves and our race. A century of experiments included nearly every possible scheme which can be devised for the establishment of a colony. Every mistake was committed—every right method was eventually hit upon—and we have only carefully to study the progress of each colony, to watch steadily the working of each scheme as it was devised and acted on, and we shall be able to deduce a never-erring code for our conduct: both as a nation colonizing and as colonists, from the frequent examples furnished by American history.

The provinces which were most distinguished for their success, and which ultimately took the lead in uniting the colonies, and maintaining the confederacy when formed, were Virginia in the south, and Massachusetts, together with the New England states generally, in the north. These two states, however, were established on very opposite principles, and had consequently to struggle against very dissimilar obstacles.

Though the colonization of Virginia may be truly ascribed to Raleigh's adventurous and persevering spirit, yet his efforts to found a colony proved for the most part disastrous. From the first discovery of the continent of America in the reign of Henry VII. down to the reign of James I., many, and even contradictory Patents had, by the successive monarchs, been granted to various persons, aptly termed adventurers. Attempt after attempt followed to turn these grants to profit; but up to the year 1606 they all signally failed, bringing distress, ruin, and oftentimes destruction, upon the daring but inexperienced adventurers. In this year, at the solicitation of men of great wealth and influence, James granted to a company of merchants and persons of high rank, "leave to deduce a colony into Virginia," and to that end issued a patent ample in power and in territory. This "first colonist charter," as it is termed by Bancroft, naturally excites great interest in the mind of the historian, and as naturally is subject to his severe animadversion. James was, indeed, amazingly tickled with the idea of becoming a legislator for a new people; and in the formation of a code for the government of the future province, he displayed the

narrow bigotry and vehement despotism of his character. He assumed to be the possessor and king, by the right of discovery, of the whole of such parts of the continent as were not actually occupied by the colonies of other nations. And in furtherance of this right, he created two rival companies, and gave to each a territory larger than the great kingdoms of Europe.

"A belt of twelve degrees on the American coast, embracing the soil from Cape Fear to Halifax, excepting perhaps the little spot in Acadia then actually possessed by the French, was set apart to be colonized by two rival companies. Of these, the first was composed of noblemen, gentlemen, and merchants, in and about London; the second, of knights, gentlemen, and merchants, in the west. The London adventurers, who alone succeeded, had an exclusive right to occupy the regions from thirty-four to thirty-eight degrees of north latitude, that is from Cape Fear to the southern limit of Maryland; the western men had equally an exclusive right to plant between forty-one and forty five degrees. The intermediate district, from thirty-eight to forty-one degrees, was open to the competition of both companies."

The company held of the king by homage and rent—and in return was endowed with certain extraordinary powers as proprietors of the soil; but the whole, or nearly the whole, political administration was centred nominally in the king. He appointed and dismissed at pleasure a controlling council sitting in London, as well as a council for each colony, which should reside within its limits. Every political power was thus reserved to the monarch. "Thus," exclaims Mr. Bancroft with an astonishment not wonderful in an American of the present day—"Thus the first written charter of a permanent American colony, which was to be the chosen abode of liberty, gave to the mercantile corporation nothing but a desert territory, with the right of peopling and defending it, and reserved to the monarch absolute legislative authority, the control of all appointments, and a hope of ultimate revenue. To the emigrants themselves it conceded not one elective franchise, not one of the rights of self-government. They were subjected to the ordinances of a commercial corporation, of which they could not be members; to the dominion of a domestic council, in appointing which they had no voice; to the control of a superior council in England which had no sympathies with their right, and finally, to the arbitrary legislation of the sovereign. Yet, bad as was the system, the reservation of power to the king, a result of his vanity, rather than of his ambition, had, at least, the advantage of mitigating the action of the commercial corporation. The check would have been complete, had the powers of appointment and legislation been given to the people of Virginia."

The struggles that followed on the settlement of the colony, had for their end the attainment, by the people, of all the powers reserved to the king and company—but to the end of their colonial existence the claims of the Virginian colonists went no further. A sentimental loyalty to England, love of her, as *home*, was ever evinced by them; they complained of her commercial monopoly; they liked not, and they opposed, the powers of the proprietary; and they soon adopted a system of self-government in accordance with the prevailing opinions in England and America. But they never assumed to be an independent people, owing indeed, allegiance to the crown of England, but none to parliament—none to England herself. The form of Society in Virginia tended entirely to aristocratic power and distinction. The great possessions of a small number of landed proprietors, induced them to imitate the nobles of England—with them they wished to be on an equality—but they viewed with sentiments of vehement dislike the levelling doctrines of the Puritans of the north. A jovial, profuse, and ostentatious people it required a long course of folly and despotism on the part of the English parliament to wean them from the attachment to home: and to unite them with the grave, religious, starchy, thrifty, and grasping New Englanders. These latter, from the very beginning of their colonial existence, laid claim to national independence; and, for a time, the prevalent doctrines in England itself fostered this bold spirit, and made the desire to escape from English dominion, the leading sentiment in the minds of the New England colonists.—[Remainder next week.]

THE OLD JUDGE; OR LIFE IN A COLONY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SAM SLICK THE CLOCKMAKER."

HOW MANY FINS HAS A COD; OR FORTY YEARS AGO.

For several days past, nothing else has been talked of at Illeuo but the approaching term of the Supreme Court. At all times this is a great event for a quiet village, where there is but little to diversify the monotony of life; but the arrival of the judge and the circuit lawyers is now looked to with great interest, as there is to be a man tried for murder, who, in all probability, will be convicted and executed. I have much curiosity to see the mode of administering justice in this country, because the state of the court is a very good criterion by which to estimate the state of the province. The Bench and the Bar usually furnish fair samples of the talent and education of the gentry—the grand jury of the class immediately below them, and the petit jury of the yeomanry and tradesmen. In a court house, they are all to be seen in juxtaposition, and a stranger is enabled to compare them one with the other, with the condition of the people and similar institutions in different countries. Judge Sandford, who retired from the bench several years ago informs me that the first court established in this province were County Courts, the judges of which were not professional men, but selected from the magistrates of the district, who rendered their services gratuitously. The inefficiency of the courts, therefore, depended wholly upon the character and attainments of the justices of the peace in the neighborhood. In some instances they were conducted with much decorum, and not without ability; in others they presented scenes of great confusion and disorder; but, in all cases, they were the centre of attraction to the whole county.

The vicinity of the court house was a sort of fair, where people assembled to transact business or to amuse themselves. Horse-swapping, or racing, wrestling and boxing, smoking and drinking, sales at auction and games of various kinds, occupied the noisy and not very sober crowd. The temperance of modern times, the substitution of professional men as judges, and an entire change of habits among the people, have no less altered the character of the scenes within, than without the walls of justice. In no respect is the improvement of this country so apparent as in its judicial establishments. As an illustration of the condition of some of these county courts in the olden time, the Judge related to me the following extraordinary story that occurred to himself:—

Shortly after my return from Europe, about forty years ago, I attended the western circuit of the Supreme Court, which then terminated at Annapolis. After the term was over I remained behind a few days, for the purpose of examining that most interesting place, which is the scene of the first effective settlement in North America. Excuse me if I delay my story a few minutes, to give you the result of my investigations.

During one of my visits to Paris, I had accidentally met with the Journal of Mark Lescarbot, a French lawyer, who had accompanied the first exploring party that first visited this part of America. With this book in my hand (which was published as early as 1609) I traced their movements from place to place in their attempt at colonization. On the 8th of November, 1603, Henry IV. of France granted to the Sieur de Monts, a gentleman of his bed-chamber, a patent constituting him Lieutenant general of L'Acadie (now Nova Scotia), with power to conquer and Christianise the inhabitants. On the 7th of March, having equipped two vessels, he set sail from Havre de Grace, accompanied by the celebrated Champlain and Monsieur Poutrincourt, and arrived on the 7th of May at a harbor (Liverpool) on the south-east shore of the province. From thence they continued coasting the country until they arrived at the Bay of Fundy. On the eastern side of this bay, they discovered a narrow straight, into which they entered, and soon found themselves in a spacious basin, environed with hills, from which descended streams of fresh water. Between these high lands ran a large navigable river, to which they gave the name of L'Equille. It was bordered by fertile meadows, and filled with delicate fish. Poutrincourt, charmed with the beauty of the place, gave it the name of Port Royal (now Annapolis). After exploring the river, and refreshing themselves, they ascended the river St. John as far as Fredericton, and then visiting the coast of Maine, spent the winter of 1604-5 at the island of St. Croix, the identity of which has lately been the subject of so much discussion between the governments of Great Britain and the United States. The weather proved very severe, and the people suffered so much from scurvy, that thirty-six of them died. The remaining forty who were all invalids, lingered on till the spring, when they recovered by means of the fresh vegetation. After an ineffectual attempt to reach a more southern climate, they re-crossed the bay, to Port Royal, where they found a reinforcement from France of forty men, under the command of Dupont. They then proceeded to erect buildings on the spot where Annapolis now stands, with a view to a permanent occupation of the country. De Monts and Poutrincourt, having put their affairs in as good order as possible, embarked in the autumn for France, leaving Pontgrage commandant, with Champlain and Champdore as lieutenants, to perfect the settlement and explore the country. During the winter, they were plentifully supplied by the savages, with venison, and a trade was carried on for furs. Nothing is said of the scurvy; but they had a short allowance of bread, not by reason of any scarcity of corn, but because they had no means of grinding it except a hand-mill, which required a hard and continued labor. The savages were so averse to this exercise, that they preferred hunger to the task of grinding, though they were offered half of the flour as payment. De Monts and Poutrincourt were at that time in France, preparing, under every discouragement, for another voyage. On the 13th of May, 1606, they sailed from Rochelle, accompanied by Lescarbot, who has left us a record of their proceedings; and on the 27th of July, arrived at Port Royal. To their astonishment they found but two persons remaining. The rest, conjecturing from the long absence of succour that the settlement had been abandoned by De Monts, compelled the officer in charge to sail for Canseau, in order that they might obtain a passage to France in some of the fishing vessels that frequented that port. Two men, however, having more faith and more courage than the others (La Taille and Mequelet), volunteered to remain and guard the stores and the buildings. These faithful retainers were at their dinner, when a savage rushed in and informed them that a sail was in sight, which they soon discovered to be the long expected vessel of their chief. Poutrincourt now began his plantation; and having cleared a spot of ground, sowed European corn, and several kinds of garden vegetables. But notwithstanding all the beauty and fertility of Port Royal, De Monts had still a desire to make discoveries further towards the south. He therefore prevailed upon Poutrincourt to undertake a voyage to Cape Malabar (Cape Cod) and on the 28th of August the ship and the barque both put to sea. In the former De Monts and Dupont returned to France, while Poutrincourt, Champlain, Champdore, and others, crossed the bay to St. Croix, and then continued their survey of the coast. In the meantime, Lescarbot, who remained behind at Port Royal, was busily employed in the cultivation of the garden, harvesting the crop, completing the buildings, and visiting the encampment of the natives in the interior. On the 14th of November, Poutrincourt returned from his exploring voyage, which had proved disastrous, and was received with every demonstration of joy by the party at the fort. Lescarbot had erected a temporary stage, which he called the "Theatre of Neptune," from which he recited a poetical address to his friend, congratulating him on his safe arrival, probably the first verses ever written in North America. Over the gate were placed the royal arms of France, encircled with evergreens, with the motto,—

"DVO PROTEGIT VNVS."

Above the door of the house of De Monts were placed his arms, embellished in a similar manner, with the inscription,

"DABIT DEUS HIS QUOQUE FINEM."

Poutrincourt's apartments were graced with the same simple decoration, having the classical superscription,—

"INVIA VIRTUTI NVLLA EST VIA."

The manner in which they spent the third winter (1606-7) was social and festive. Poutrincourt established the order of "Le Bon Temps," of which the principal officers and gentlemen, fifteen in number, were members. Every one was *maitre d'hôtel* in his turn for one day, beginning with Champlain, who was first installed into the office. The president (whom the Indians called Atocteg) having superintended the preparations, marched to the table, baton in hand, with the collar of the order around his neck and napkin on his shoulder, and was followed by the others successively, each carrying a plate. The same form was observed at every meal; and at the conclusion of supper, as soon as grace was said, he delivered with much gravity his insignia of office to his successor, and pledged him in a cup of wine. The advantage of this institution was, that each one was emulous to be prepared for his day, by previously hunting or fishing, or purchasing fish or game of the natives, who constantly resided among them and were extremely pleased with their manners. The chiefs of the savages were alone allowed the honor of sitting at their table, the others partook of the hospitality of the kitchen. The abundance and variety of the fare this winter was a subject of no little boasting to Lescarbot, on his return to Europe, where he taunted the frequenters of la Rue aux Ours de Paris (where was one of the first eating houses of the day), that they knew nothing of the table who had not partaken of the beavers' tails and the mouffles of the moose of Port Royal. The weather, meanwhile, was particularly mild and agreeable. On the 14th of January, on a Sunday, they proceeded by water two leagues, to a corn field, where they dined cheerfully in the sunshine, and enjoyed the music of their fatherland.

You will observe, therefore, my dear sir, that from the earliest account we have of this climate, it has always had the same character of variability and uncertainty. The winter but one preceding this (when they were at St. Croix)

was extremely severe; and we are informed that that which succeeded it was remarkable for the most intense cold the Indians ever recollected. Their time, however, was not devoted to amusement alone. They erected more buildings for the accommodation of other adventurers whom they expected to join them the following year, in making pitch for the repairs of their vessels, and, above all, in putting up a water-mill to grind their corn. In this latter attempt they completely succeeded, to their own infinite relief and the great amusement of the savages. Some of the iron work of this first North American mill is yet in existence, and another of the same kind (Easson's Mill), still occupies the ancient site.

This is rather a long digression, I admit, from the story of a county court; but I wish to give you some idea of life in a colony. I think the best way is to select passages at different periods, and compare them, for they all illustrate each other, by showing the rise and progress, the past and present condition of the country. And, besides, this little settlement has always had great attractions for me from its great antiquity. It was commenced two years before the formation of James Town in Virginia, is three years older than Quebec, and fifteen years anterior to the landing of the pilgrims in Plymouth, Mass. But to return to my story:—

While engaged in these investigations a person called upon me and told me he had ridden express from Plymouth, to obtain my assistance in a cause which was to be tried in a day or two in the county court at that place. The judges of these courts were at that period, as I have previously observed, not professional men, but magistrates, and equally unable to administer law or to preserve order; and the verdicts generally depended more on the declamatory powers of the lawyers than the merits of the causes. The distance was great—the journey had to be performed on horseback—the roads were bad, the accommodation worse.

I had a great repugnance to attend these courts under any circumstances; and besides, had pressing engagements at home. I therefore declined accepting his retainer, which was the largest that at that time had ever been tendered to me, and begged to be excused. If the fee, he said, was too small to render it worth my while to go, he would cheerfully double it, for money was no object. The cause was one of great importance to his friend, Mr. John Barkins, and of deep interest to the whole community; and as the few lawyers that resided within a hundred miles of the place were engaged on the other side, if I did not go his unfortunate friend would fall a victim to the intrigues and injustice of his opponents. In short, he was so urgent, that at last I was prevailed upon to consent, and we all set off together to prosecute our journey on horseback. The agent, Mr. William Robins (who had the most accurate and capacious memory of any man I ever met,) proved a most entertaining and agreeable companion. He had read a great deal, and retained it all; and having resided many years near Plymouth, knew every body, every place, and every tradition. Withal, he was somewhat of a humorist. Finding him a person of this description, my curiosity was excited to know who and what he was; and I put the question to him.

"I am of the same profession you are, sir," said he.

I immediately reined up.

"If that be the case," I replied, "my good friend, you must try the cause yourself. I cannot consent to go on. The only thing that induced me to set out with you was your assertion that every lawyer, within an hundred miles of Plymouth, was retained on the other side."

"Excuse me, sir," he said. "I did not say I was a lawyer."

"No," I observed, "you did not; but you stated that you were of the same profession as myself, which is the same thing."

"Not exactly, sir," he said. "I am a wrecker. I am Lloyd's agent, and live on the misfortunes of others; so do you. When a vessel is wrecked, it is my business to get her off, or to save the property. When a man is entangled among the shoals or quicksands of the law, your duty is similar. We are both wreckers, and therefore members of the same profession. The only difference is, you are a lawyer, and I am not."

This absurd reply removing all difficulty, we proceeded on our journey; and the first night after passing through Digby reached Shingle Town, or Sparts-ville, the origin of which, as he related it to me, was the most whimsical story I ever heard. It is rather long for an episode and I will tell it to you some other time. The next morning we reached Clare, a township wholly owned and occupied by French Acadians, the descendants of those persons who first settled at Port Royal (as I have just related), and other parts of the province into which they had penetrated, previous to the occupation of the English. I will not trouble you with the melancholy history of these people at present, I only allude to them now on account of a little incident in our journey. As we approached the chapel we saw a large number of persons in front of the priest's house, having either terminated or being about to commence a procession. As soon as Robins saw them he said,—

"Now, I will make every man of that congregation take off his hat to me."

"How?"

"You shall see."

He soon pulled up opposite to a large wooden cross that stood by the way-side, and, taking off his hat, bowed his head most reverently and respectfully down to the horse's neck, and then slowly covering again, passed on. When we reached the crowd every hat was lifted in deference to the devout stranger, who had thus courteously or piously saluted the emblem of their faith. As soon as we had escaped the wondering gaze of the people, he observed,—

"There, lawyer, there is a useful lesson in life for you. He who respects the religious feelings of others, will not fail to win indulgence for his own."

In the afternoon we arrived at Plymouth. As we entered the village, I observed that the court-house as usual was surrounded by a noisy multitude, some detached groups of which appeared to be discussing the trials of the morning, or anticipating that which was to engross the attention of the public on the succeeding day. On the opposite side of the road was a large tavern, the hospitable door of which stood invitingly open, and permitted the escape of most agreeable and seducing odours of rum and tobacco. The crowd occupied and filled the space between the two buildings, and presented a moving and agitated surface; and yet a strong current was perceptible to a practised eye in this turbid mass, setting steadily out of the court-house, and passing slowly but constantly through the centre of this estuary into the tavern, and returning again in an eddy on either side. Where every one was talking at the same time, no individual could be heard or understood at a distance, but the united vociferations of the assembled hundreds blended together and formed the deep-toned but dissonant voice of that hydra-headed monster the crowd. On a nearer approach, the sounds that composed this unceasing roar became more distinguishable. The drunken man might be heard rebuking the profane, and the profane overwhelming the hypocrite with opprobrium for his cant. Neighbour, rendered amiable by liquor, embraced as brothers, and loudly proclaimed

their unchangeable friendship; while the memory of past injuries, awakened into fury by the liquid poison, placed others in hostile attitude, who hurled defiance and abuse at each other to the full extent of their lungs or their vocabulary. The slow, measured, nasal talk of the degenerate settler from Puritanical New England, was rendered unintelligible by the ceaseless and rapid utterance of the French fisherman; while poor Pat, bludgeon in hand, uproariously solicited his neighbours to fight or drink, and generously gave them their option. Even the dogs caught the infection of the place, and far above their masters' voices might occasionally be heard the loud, sharp cry of triumph, or the more shrill howl of distress uttered by these animals, who, with as little cause as their senseless owners, had engaged in a stupid conflict. A closer inspection revealed the groupings with more painful distinctness. Here might be seen the merry, active Negro, flapping his mimic wings and crowing like a cock in token of defiance to all his sable brethren, or dancing to the sound of his own musical voice, and terminating every evolution with a scream of delight. There your attention was arrested by a ferocious-looking savage, who, induced by the promise of liquor, armed with a scalping-knife in one hand and a tomahawk in the other, exhibited his terrific war-dance, and uttered his demoniac yells, to the horror of him who personated the victim, and suffered all the pangs of martyrdom in trembling apprehension that that which had begun in sport might end in reality, and to the infinite delight of a circle of boys, whose morals were thus improved and confirmed by the conversation and example of their fathers.

At the outer edge of the throng might be seen a woman, endeavouring to persuade or to force her inebriated husband to leave this scene of sin and shame, and return to his neglected home, his family, and his duties. Now success crowns her untiring exertions, and he yields to her tears and entreaties, and gives himself up to her gentle guidance, when suddenly the demon within him rebels, and he rudely bursts from her feeble but affectionate hold, and returns, shouting and roaring like a maniac, to his thoughtless and noisy associates. The enduring love of the agonised woman prompts her again and again to renew the effort, until at last some kind friend, touched by her sorrows and her trials, lends her the aid of his powerful arm, and the truant man is led off captive to what was once a happy home, but now a house of destitution and distress. These noises ceased for a moment as we arrived at the spot, and were superseded by a command issued by several persons at the same time.

"Clear the road there! Make way for the gentlemen!"

We had been anxiously expected all the afternoon, and the command was instantly obeyed, and a passage opened for us by the people falling back on either side of the street. As we passed through, my friend checked his horse into a slow walk, and led me by with an air of triumph, such as a jockey displays in bringing out his favourite on the course. Robins was an important man that day. He had succeeded in his mission. He had got his champion, and would be ready for fight in the morning. It was but reasonable, therefore, he thought, to indulge the public with a glimpse at his man. He nodded familiarly to some, winked slyly to others, saluted people at a distance aloud, and shook hands patronisingly with those that were nearest. He would occasionally lag behind a moment, and, in an under but very audible tone,—

"Precious clever fellow that! Sees it all—says we are all right—sure to win it! I wouldn't be in those fellows the plaintiffs' skins to-morrow for a trifle! He is a powerful man, that!" and so forth.

The first opportunity that occurred I endeavoured to put a stop to this trumpeting.

"For Heaven's sake," I said, "my good friend, do not talk such nonsense; if you do, you will ruin me! I am at all times a diffident man, but if you raise such expectations I shall assuredly break down, from the very fear of not fulfilling them. I know too well the doubtful issue of trials ever to say that a man is certain of winning. Pray do not talk of me in this manner."

"You are sure, sir," he said. "What a man who has just lapped from his travels in Europe, and arrived, after a journey of one hundred miles, from the last sitting of the supreme court, not to know more than any one else! Fudge, sir! I congratulate you, you have gained the cause! And besides, sir, do you think that if William Robins says he has got the right man (and he wouldn't say so if he didn't think so), that that is n't enough! Why, sir, your leather-breeches and top-boots are enough to do the business! Nobody ever saw such things here before, and a man in buckskin must know more than a man in homespun. But here is Mrs. Brown's inn, let us dismount. I have procured a private sitting-room for you, which on court-days, militia trainings, and times of town meetings or elections, is not very easy, I assure you. Come, walk in, and make yourself comfortable."

We had scarcely entered into our snugery, which was evidently the landlady's own apartment, when the door was softly opened a few inches, and a beseeching voice was heard, saying,—

"Billy, is that him? If it is, tell him it's me; will you? that's a good soul!"

"Come in—come in, old Blowhard!" said Robins; and seizing the stranger by the hand, he led him up and introduced him to me.

"Lawyer, this is Captain John Barkins!—Captain Barkins, this is, Lawyer Sandford! He is our client, lawyer, and I must say one thing for him: he has but two faults, but they are enough to ruin any man in this province; he is an honest man, and speaks the truth. I will leave you together now, and go and order your dinner for you."

CHALMER'S PREACHING.

He announces his text—1 John iv. 16. "God is love"—a text from which he has preached before; but no matter for that.* He commences with a few broken sentences, pronounced in a harsh tuneless voice, with a strong Scottish accent. The first feeling of a stranger would be that of disappointment, and apprehension that the discourse was to prove a failure. This was the case with Canning and Wilberforce, who went to hear Dr. Chalmers, when he preached in London. They had got into a pew near the door, when "the preacher began in his usual unpromising way, by stating a few nearly self-evident propositions, neither in the choicest language, nor in the most impressive voice; 'If this be all,' said Canning to his companion, 'it will never do.' Chalmers went on,—the shuffling in the congregation gradually subsided. He got into the mass of his subject; his weakness became strength, his hesitation was turned into energy; and bringing the whole volume of his mind to bear upon it, poured forth a torrent of most conclusive argument, brilliant with all the exuberance of an imagination which ranged over all nature for illustrations, and yet managed and applied each of them with the same unerring dexterity,

* In looking over the Free-press printed works, we have found this discourse in a somewhat different garb from that in which we have presented it. We were not at first aware of this, or we might have selected some other discourse; for it was our good fortune to hear the Doctor frequently. This and other delineations, however, are taken from personal observation.

as if that single one had been the study of his whole life. 'The tartan beats us,' said Mr. Canning, 'we have no preaching like that in England.'

It may be well to state here that Chalmers is a slavish reader,—that is, he reads every thing he says,—but then he reads so naturally, so earnestly, so energetically, that manuscript and everything else is speedily forgotten by the astonished and delighted hearer.

He proceeds with his subject—*God is love*. His object, as announced, is not so much to elucidate the thought or idea of the text, as to dislodge from the minds of his hearers, the dread and aversion for God, existing in all unregenerate men. He insists, in the first place, that it is not as a God of love, that the Deity is regarded by mankind—but simply as God, as a being mysterious and dreadful, a being who has displeasure towards them in his heart. This arises from two causes—the first, that they are ignorant of this great and awfully mysterious Being—the second, that they have sinned against him. This feeling then is displaced first by the incarnation of the Deity in the person of his Son, so that we may know him and love him as a Father and a friend; and secondly, by the free pardon of our sin, through the sacrifice of the Cross. The division is rather awkward; but it serves the purpose of the preacher, who thus brings out some of the most sublime peculiarities of the Gospel, and applies them with overwhelming force and pathos to the sinner's heart. Under the first head, he shows, in language of uncommon energy that it is impossible for man, in his present state, to regard a being so vast, so mysterious, and so little known as God, except with superstitious dread. "All regarding him," says he, "is inscrutable; the depths of his past eternity, the mighty and unknown extent of his creation, the secret policy or end of his government—a government that embraces an infinity of worlds, and reaches forward to an infinity of ages; all these leave a being so circumscribed in his faculties as man, so limited in his duration, and therefore so limited in his experience, in profoundest ignorance of God; and then the inaccessible retirement in which this God hides himself from the observation of his creatures here below, the clouds and darkness which are about the pavilion of his throne, the utter inability of the powers of man to reach beyond the confines of that pavilion, render vain all attempts to fathom the essence of God, or to obtain any distinct conception of his person or being, which have been shrouded in the deep silence of many centuries, inasmuch that nature, whatever it may tell us of his existence, places between our senses and this mighty cause a veil of interception."

It is not unnatural to dread such a being. Nature, though full of God, furnishes no clear and satisfying evidence of his designs; for sunshine and shower, green fields and waving harvests are intermingled with tempests and hurricane, blight and mildew, destruction and death. "While in one case we have the natural affection and unnumbered sweets of many a cottage, which might serve to manifest the indulgent kindness of him who is the universal parent of the human family; we have on the other hand the cares, the heart-burnings, the moral discomforts, often the pining sickness, or the cold and cheerless poverty, or, more palpably, the fierce contests and mutual distractions even among civilized men; and lastly, and to consummate all, the death,—the unshaken and relentless death with which generation after generation, whether among the abodes of the prosperous and the happy, or among the dwellings of the adverse and unfortunate, after a few years are visited, laying all the varieties of human fortune in the dust,—these all bespeak if not a malignant, an offended, God."

But this vague uncertainty and dread are corrected and displaced by the incarnation of the Deity in the person of Christ—"the brightness of the Father's glory and the express image of his person." "The Godhead then became palpable to human senses, and man could behold, as in a picture, and in distinct personification, the very characteristics of the Being that made him."

Upon this idea, a favorite one with Dr. Chalmers, he dwells with the profoundest interest, presenting it with a strength of conception and exuberance of illustration which makes it clear and palpable to the minds of all. How his heart glows, almost to bursting, with the sublime and thrilling idea that God is manifest in the flesh. How he pours out, as in a torrent of light, the swelling images and emotions of his throbbing spirit. "We could not scale the height of that mysterious ascent which brings us within view of the Godhead. It is by the descent of the Godhead unto us that this manifestation has been made; and we learn and know it from the wondrous history of him who went about doing good continually. We could not go in search of the viewless Deity, through the depths and vastnesses of infinity, or divine the secret, the untold purposes that were brooding there. But in what way could a more palpable exhibition have been made, than when the eternal Son, enshrined in humanity, stepped forth on the platform of visible things, and there proclaimed the Deity? We can now reach the character of God in the human looks, in the human language of Him who is the very image and visible representative of the Deity; we see it in the tears of sympathy he shed; we hear it in the accents of tenderness which fell from his lips. Even his very remonstrances were those of a deep and gentle nature; for they are remonstrances of deepest pathos—the complaints of a longing spirit against the sad perversity of men bent on their own ruin."

Not content with this clear and ample exhibition of his views, he returns to it, as if with redoubled interest, and though presenting no new conception upon the point, delights to pour upon it the exuberant radiance of his teeming imagination. The hearers, too, are as interested as he, and catch with delight the varying aspects of his peculiar oratory. In fact, their minds are in perfect sympathy and harmony with his; and tears start to every eye, as he bursts out, as if applying the subject to himself, in the following beautiful and affecting style:—"Previous to this manifestation, as long as I had nothing before me but the unseen God, my mind wandered in uncertainty, my busy fancy was free to expatiate, and its images filled my heart with disquietude and terror; but in the life and person and history of Jesus Christ, the attributes of the Deity are brought down to the observation of the senses, and I can no longer mistake them, when, in the Son, who is the express image of his Father. I see them carried home to my understanding by the evidence and expression of human organs—when I see the kindness of the Father, in the tears that fell from the Son at the tomb of Lazarus—when I see his justice blended with his mercy, in the exclamation, 'O Jerusalem, Jerusalem!' by Jesus Christ, uttered with a tone more tender than human bosom or human sympathy ever uttered—I feel the judgment of God himself flashing conviction on my conscience, and calling me to repent, while his wrath is suspended, and he still waiteth to be gracious!"

But a more distinct and well-grounded reason for distrust and fear in reference to the Deity arises from the consciousness of guilt. In spite of ourselves in spite of our false theology, we feel that God has a right to be offended with us, that he is offended with us, and not only so, but that we deserve his displeasure. This he shows is counteracted by the doctrine of the atonement: "Here—in is love, not that we loved him, but that he loved us, and sent his son into the

world to be a propitiation for our sins." By the fact of the incarnation, a conquest is gained over the imagination haunted with the idea of an unknown God; so also by that of the atonement, a conquest is gained over the solid and well-grounded fear of guilt. This idea the Doctor illustrates with equal force and beauty, showing that by means of the sacrifice of the Cross, justice and mercy are brought into harmony, in the full and free pardon of the believing penitent. By this means the great hindrance to free communion with God is taken away. Guilt is cancelled, for the sake of Him who died, and the poor trembling sinner is taken to the bosom of Infinite Love. "In the glorious spectacle of the Cross, we see the mystery revealed, and the compassion of the parent meeting in fullest harmony with the now asserted and now vindicated prerogative of the Lawgiver. The Gospel is a halo of all the attributes of God, and yet the pre-eminent manifestation there is of God as love, which will shed its lustre amid all the perfections of the Divine nature. And here it should be specially remarked, that the atonement was made for the sins of the whole world; God's direct and primary object being to vindicate the truth and justice of the Godhead. Instead of taking from his love, it only gave it more emphatic demonstration; for, instead of love, simple and bending itself without difficulty to the happiness of its objects, it was a love which, ere it could reach the guilty being it groaned after, had to force the barriers of a necessity which, to all human appearance, was insuperable." With this fine idea the Doctor concludes his discourse, presenting it with a mingled tenderness and veneration of style and tone perfectly irresistible. "The love of God," he exclaims, "with such an obstacle and trying to get over it, is a higher exhibition than all the love which radiates from his throne on all the sinless angels. The affirmation that God is love, is strengthened by that other, to him who owns the authority of Scripture, that God so loved the world—I call on you to mark the emphatic *so*—as to give his only-begotten Son. He spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all; or that expression, 'herein is love, not that we loved God, but that he loved us, and gave his Son to be the propitiation for our sins.' There is a moral, a depth, an intensity of meaning, a richness of sentiment that Paul calls unsearchable, in the Cross of Christ, that tells emphatically that God is righteousness, and that God is love."

Such is a feeble and imperfect outline of a rich and eloquent discourse, from one of the richest and most expressive texts in the Bible. But we cannot transfer to the written or printed page the tone, look and manner, the *visida vis*, the natural and overwhelming energy, the pathos and power of tone, which thrill the hearer as with the shocks of a spiritual electricity. It is this peculiar energy which distinguishes all great orators. His mind is on fire with his subject, and transfers itself all glowing to the minds of his hearers. For the time being all are fused into one great whole, by the resistless might of his burning eloquence. In this respect Chalmers has been thought to approach, nearer than any other man of modern times, the style and tone of Demosthenes. His manner has a torrent-vehemence, a sea-like swell and sweep, a bannered tramp as of armies rushing to deadly conflict. With one hand on his manuscript, and the other jerked forward with electric energy, he thunders out his gigantic periods, as if winged with "volleyed lightning." The hearers are astonished,—awed,—carried away,—lifted up as on the wings of the wind, and borne "whith-soever the master listeth."—*Turnbull's "Genius of Scotland."*

GERALDINE FITSMAURICE.

FROM THE RECOLLECTIONS OF A RETIRED BARRISTER.

The commencement of the legal career to which I was destined took place at an eventful period, for I was called to the Irish bar in 1799. It was an auspicious year for the profession, though not for Ireland; the recent insurrection had put the mighty machinery of the law in motion, and from the attorney-general (may his soul rest in peace after the labours of that year!) down to the functionary whom a British peer elegantly styled "the concluder of justice," turnkeys and informers included, all its members were in full employment. Yet amid the harvests so rapidly gathered I found myself alone,—briefless, rather limited in ways and means, and without a friend in the Irish metropolis.

It was under these circumstances that, in returning to my solitary lodging through the most crowded part of Chapel Street, I one evening chanced to encounter my old school-fellow, Eugene Desmond.

We had seen each other last equipped with satchels, and grievously afflicted with Horace; but fifteen years had passed over us since then, and it was almost marvellous that Eugene recognised me.

Though schoolfellows, we had not been companions, nor rivals either, for our pursuits were different: he led the classes, whilst I led the frolics; he was boasted of by the master, and I distinguished among the pupils of Dr. Sullivan's classical seminary in the once warlike but now deserted town—I might have said village—of Carrickfergus.

Time and chance had made us strangers, and left but little resemblance between the thoughtless boy and the briefless barrister; but, in spite of increased stature and hardening manhood, the remarkable beauty of his large but finely moulded figure, and the expression of mingled gentleness and thought that dwelt in the broad white forehead and deep grey eyes, at once unsealed the book of my remembrance, as he grasped my hand, inquiring, in the old school-day tones—how years had deepened them!—"Connelly, have you forgotten me?"

"No, no, Desmond," said I, for the man's words went to my heart, then in the dearth of friendship, "you are not one to be easily forgotten;" but before the speech was finished he had drawn my arm within his, and we walked on with mutual inquiries and explanations, in the course of which I discovered that the fortunes of our boyhood were in some degree reversed.

Eugene had been the youngest son of a Catholic family, rich only in numbers, and possessing no other resource than their uncle the bishop, and a rough, ill-cultivated farm, the meanest remnant of a once noble property, of which they kept a traditional remembrance long after it had melted from their hold, under the united operation of the penal code and their predecessors' extravagance.

That the circumstances of my birth were more fortunate, may be known by the fact that my father was a Protestant gentleman and a magistrate; but after all this, and a Trinity degree, I was without occupation, whilst he, who had refused to become a priest, thereby mortally offending, not only his uncle the bishop but the whole family, and they were nineteen strong, had made his way to Dublin, and by means of the knowledge acquired when I was leading insurrectionary movements against the constitutional authority of Dr. Sullivan, was now the principal usher in one of the best academies of the city. Eugene did not mention it, but I afterwards learned that his abilities were considered the chief support of the seminary, whose reputation was at that period higher than that of any preparatory establishment in Ireland; and that he had

achieved a somewhat perilous distinction, being generally regarded as the author of sundry political articles which had made the round of the liberal papers, and were no less remarkable for their truth and talent than for an elevation of tone, which rose alike above party prejudice and government influence, but was sufficient to draw upon the writer the ominous observation of the Castle.

My pride, of which there was always a considerable stock on hand, would not allow Desmond to understand the peculiar difficulties of my position, but I now believe he suspected them, for many and earnest were his invitations to spend that evening with him, and his hopes to see me often; it was all the usher could do, and as his domicile lay right in our track—by the way, being situated in a more fashionable part of the town than mine—I at last agreed to accompany him.

We had just entered what Eugene called his "bachelor quarters," and he was ringing for dinner, when a much louder peal from the door-bell drowned the attempt. We heard Mr. Desmond inquired for, and the next moment two handsome and very respectably dressed youths, whom a maiden aunt would have designated "boys," bounded into the room, exclaiming,—

"Oh, Mr. Desmond, how glad we are to find you at home! There's going to be a party at our house. First we got the Dalys, who were to come some evening; then Miss Fitzmaurice and her uncle came, and all our cousins from Castle Shindy. Mother has remembered that it's our birthday, and father says he could collect a party; so do dress and come, for we have promised not to go home without you."

"Thank you, thank you, boys!" said Eugene; "but you see," he continued, glancing at me, "I have the pleasure of a friend's company myself this evening."

I had hitherto escaped the notice of the young inviters, and sat mentally contrasting their conduct with my own old feelings towards Dr. Sullivan; nor was it without some confusion of face that they made the discovery of my presence. But their hospitable intentions were not to be foiled.

"The gentleman will come too," cried both, in a breath; "won't you, sir? Our family will be very happy to see any friend of Mr. Desmond."

In short, Mr. Desmond they were determined to have. I was now quite as much pressed, and the negotiations were finally concluded by each taking his several way for the purpose of making the necessary toilet arrangements; whilst the young gentlemen resolutely took their seats in Desmond's parlour to await our return, in accordance with their oft-repeated promise of not going home without us.

Whether from his conversational talents or the amiability of his manners I cannot now say, but Eugene Desmond was what is called a general favourite in society, being admitted, or rather courted, by the best company in Dublin; and at that period the city had something to boast.

The house to which I accompanied him was that of Mr. Dillon, a gentleman of some importance in the mercantile world, whose twin sons and only children now escorted us to the mansion, and were among the number of Eugene's pupils.

I found Mr. Dillon a shrewd, good-humoured man, prosperous in the world, and prudent withal, but more liberal in politics than he cared to shew, considering that the fields and scaffolds of Ireland still reeked with the traces of the recent rebellion.

Mrs. Dillon was a pretty, lively little woman, extremely fond of her boys, and of Mr. Desmond for being kind to them; and from both I received what might be properly termed "an Irish welcome" on his account.

The company, like most hastily collected parties, was composed of rather heterogeneous materials; of which, at this distance of time, I can only remember that the cousins from Castle Shindy formed a considerable part. There was a formidable array of young, or at least, single ladies, in the newest dresses of the season; and a tolerable supply of gentlemen from all the learned professions, including Mr. Fitzmaurice, a stern, aristocratic lawyer, who then occupied a judicial office under government, in which he acquired a notoriety for unvarying and inflexible justice, not always merited by the functionaries of his day.

He was accompanied by his niece, and if I have not included her among the ladies of our party, it is because she was one of those few remarkable persons who have a separate existence in memory distinct from the class to which they happen to belong. Yet Geraldine Fitzmaurice was not beautiful in the ordinary sense of the term; her features were far from regular, and her figure would have been diminutive but for an appearance of height which must have arisen from unusual slenderness. She had a fair complexion, but it seemed too pale for health; long dark hair, and a countenance so sweet, and yet so intelligent, that the eye rested upon it involuntarily, forgetful of more faultless faces.

Yet there was a fire in the eye at times, and a compression of the thin lip, which told of great but silent energy; and a depth of character, which might be guessed at though never fathomed. She was said to be twenty-five, but looked much younger; had been brought up in a remote western county, but for some years conducted her uncle's domestic administration in a style which left him nothing to regret in remaining a bachelor.

Under her sway his house had become one of the gayest in Dublin, and she was known to be the life and soul of every party, as I found her of ours, possessing an unbounded flow of spirits and a brilliant wit, which my friend Desmond only could approach; and though the lady generally distanced him, their occasional encounters, as Mrs. Dillon remarked, "kept us all alive," and seemed to afford considerable entertainment to themselves.

It was in the midst of one of them, and just as the now assembled company were marshalled for the dining-room, that a pair arrived for whom our host had waited, though not very patiently, for the last half-hour. They consisted of a sombre-looking dowager, remarkable for her high-church piety and love of cards, which latter she was in the habit of declaring were "great helps to Christian resignation under the many trials of life;" and a converted priest, who was now preaching Protestantism, under her peculiar patronage, in one of the chapels of ease.—N.B. The lady was rich and childless, and I heard the reverend gentleman introduced as Dr. Donovan; but in spite of the change produced by time, circumstances, and, it might be disguise, his voice had a tone that was familiar to my ear as that of my early though little-beloved teacher, Dr. Sullivan.

Often in the course of that gay but eventful evening did I take private opportunities of examining the man whose distant bow Desmond and myself had returned like the veriest strangers, and my friend, at least, was without suspicion. True, there was an increase in the rotundity of his figure; and an expression of most sanctimonious hypocrisy had been added to the stupid gravity of his face; black hair and whiskers had taken the place of the original red; but the voice, which had so frequently awoke my childish terror and interrupted my boyish sports, was not to be mistaken; and before the cloth was

removed, I felt convinced that the converted priest was no other than Dr. Sullivan.

During dinner he spoke little, and seemed to pay even less attention to all that passed around him, like one whose mind was either benumbed or abstracted; and when the wine began to circulate freely and the gentlemen were left to themselves, I could not help speculating on the deadening power of years; when the old man, who had always manifested a striking partiality for strong waters, gradually began to nod, first to one side, then to the other, and eventually dropped asleep, with his head upon the table, about the conclusion of the first bottle.

We had reached that point at which the then perilous, but all-engrossing, subject of politics became the order of the day. Wine had warmed our hearts, and, in the security supposed to exist "under the rose," public men and measures were discussed after a free and easy fashion; for Mr. Fitzmaurice had already left us, and the company were Liberals to a man, with the exception of his reverence, whose politics were by this time known or cared for only in the land of dreams. Mr. Dillon had forgotten his habitual prudence, and entered into conversation with Desmond, who seemed to know his ground, and rejoice in the opportunity of denouncing injustice in high places.

I had caught fire from some of his remarks, which called up recollections of recent and not easily forgotten scenes of government vengeance, and was expressing my own feelings, perhaps, with more of the fervour of youth than sound judgment might have warranted, when my words were arrested by a low voice whispering in my ear, "Have a care of what you say, sir; that chap forinst you pretinds he's sleepin' for no good!" and, glancing behind, I saw Mr. Dillon's old butler moving slowly from my chair.

None but myself had heard the warning, and instinctively I fixed my eyes on Dr. Donovan. He still appeared to be in profound sleep; but, on closer observation, I could perceive that the butler was correct, for his eyes were alert and glancing from one speaker to another through the fingers that covered them. For some minutes I was puzzled. It was said my former teacher had been intended in his youth for the Catholic church, but some breach of discipline had raised a barrier in his way, and he had turned to the usual resource of school-keeping. What had been his after-vocations I never knew, but it was evident that he had now more employment on hands than that of his clerical character.

It was my first introduction to the system of espionage, then so terribly prevalent, and combined with sundry recollections of his school day performances, it suggested an association of ideas regarding Dr. Donovan and my pocket-pistols, but that work was destined for another hand; and, in the meantime, I found some difficulty in communicating the intimation to the rest of the company, so as not to attract the attention of the would-be slumberer, who still snored on most industriously, while he watched our every motion from between his fingers.

Desmond was the first to understand my signs, but he talked on with a boldness that surprised me. On the rest they told with different effects; some became suddenly silent, others endeavoured to qualify their former speeches, and Mr. Dillon proposed to rejoin the ladies.

We accordingly adjourned to the drawing-room, and were shortly followed by the doctor, whom I heard the butler rousing with the observation, "God help them that has great head-work! shure it's no wonder that sleep overtakes them in the best of company." But that siesta seemed to have recruited the reverend gentleman's powers of conversation, for he now prosed away incessantly, and grew particularly attentive to Desmond, who rather encouraged his advances; yet I felt relieved when the company broke up at an earlier hour than usual, the doctor and his pious patroness remaining to the very last.

On our way home, Desmond and I conversed much of the evening's discovery. I had been struck with my friend's fearless manner when it was made, but my astonishment was still greater to find that he regarded the *sci-disant* convert as a bloodhound on his track, and seemed to believe himself a marked man, who must fall, sooner or later, into some of the snares which surrounded him.

Dr. Donovan I very seldom encountered, though he still continued to preach, and the dowager to patronise him; yet a suspicious whisper had gone forth from Mr. Dillon's dining-room, and the doctor did not now often dine out; yet, amid the daily increase of associates and acquaintances, growing popularity with the ladies,—oh, how magnified it was in letters to country friends!—and the special favour of Mr. Fitzmaurice bestowed on me, for the sake of the profession,—I charitably believe he knew no other divinity,—one shadow still remained, for I was yet briefless, but destined not to remain so, though my first employment came in a strange and very unexpected way.

About a month after my introduction, half the city and all Merrion Square were set in motion by a ball at the house of Mr. Fitzmaurice. It was given in honour of a distinguished relative, who stood still higher than himself in the legal department, and had lately augmented his honours by winning an English and a titled bride.

Geraldine had chosen a capital position, and was even magnificently dressed; by the way she was always dressed well, though in a style considered too rich and grave for her youthful appearance. But I was not alone in my lateness, for at the same moment the lion and (with all deference, ladies) the lioness of the night advanced to make their compliments, and all eyes were turned on Mr. Copeland and Lady Sarah.

Her ladyship was, in manners and appearance, rather an every-day-looking person, with a few diamonds and a trifle of London starch, which contrasted not much to her advantage with the distinguished air and superior tone of Geraldine Fitzmaurice; but her fortune was said to have been £20,000.

Mr. Copeland was a tall, fine looking man, whose face told of prudence that could thread its way through the byways of political intrigue or worldly interest with a step which no impulse could hurry and no scruple retard. Moreover, he had been born and educated in Scotland; but the steadiest step at times will lose its balance; and though on the sober side of thirty, the flourishing of Mr. Copeland's bridal days was not yet over, of which he gave us an instance by pulling out his pocket-handkerchief rather "raumpagiously" (pardon the Irishism), and I saw a small note, which came with it unperceived by the gentleman, drop at Geraldine's feet; the next moment that small foot was upon it, and nearer and nearer the lady drew the prize under her sheltering garments. As she sunk gracefully into her seat, and hoped that "Lady Sarah would be able to enjoy herself even in the wilderness which Dublin society must present to one who had left St. James's," her fan dropped, of course accidentally, as she spoke, and before I had time (now, readers, my gallantry was never suspected), Geraldine had picked it up herself, with the remark that she was learning to act her own cavalier by way of preparation for a tour in the north, which her uncle intended to make next season; but the note was taken up between her fingers and its scarce whiter ivory.

Never had Geraldine appeared to such advantage in doing the honours of her uncle's house; and, in the flow of her mirth, my thoughts reverted to Desmond.

Recent shadows had fallen on our friendship. Eugene was still kind when we met, but there were times when he seemed to wish I should not visit him. I had been answered with "not at home" by his confidential servant, and these were sufficient causes to conclude my calls; besides, being conscious of having given him no offence, I felt a kind of smothered wrath at such ceremonious cutting. He was not at the ball—a circumstance which rather surprised me, as the invitations were general; and I mentally discussed it while helping myself to a glass of negus at one of the side tables, when a gentleman stepped up with "By the by, Connelly, your friend Desmond is not here to night."

I turned, and saw it was Jackson, a gay, dissipated Trinity student, generally liked on account of his liberality, with either purse or news, in both which he abounded, having a rich uncle and a peculiar knack of inquiring after every body's business but his own.

"It was handsome of old Fitzmaurice to invite him in spite of politics," he continued; "the apology said he was indisposed, but, between ourselves, Connelly, sick or in health, he is not a safe acquaintance for any young man who wishes to go no farther than the outside of a gaol."

"I don't understand you," said I piqued at his words, but curious to learn their full meaning.

"Possibly not," said Jackson, lowering his tone; "but there is a whisper that some of those poor devils of United Irishmen and French agents are now intriguing in town, and Desmond's domicile is mentioned as the scene of their meetings."

Jackson was seldom misinformed, and my own forbidden visits flashed across my mind as he spoke. Yet I tried to laugh down the idea, protesting it amused me to think of a man of Desmond's sense running such risks for a political chimera.

"All's well that ends well," dryly remarked Jackson; "but it must have been a serious illness that kept him from Miss Fitzmaurice's residence. However, that is an illustration of love's labour lost, for, in my opinion, madam is too proud to put up with a mere boy-grinder, though her own prospects were not once so good."

I was aware that the lady had discouraged his very marked attentions, and a word to Mr. Jackson was sufficient to bring forth all he knew.

"Her mother was a sister of old Fitzmaurice, who made a love-match with a sort of poor scholar intended for a Catholic priest. I think his name was Sullivan, and a sad bargain she had of him, for he turned out a drunkard, and the girl died early, disowned by all her family but one maiden aunt, who took their child when Sullivan left the country, and brought her up as Miss Geraldine Fitzmaurice. They say she left her nothing but a first-rate education and the affection of her uncle, who liked the girl from her infancy. What fortune follows some people! But here's my favourite waltz!" and off went Jackson.

I had danced, upon my persuasion, with two of the finest women in the room, who were delighted with my attentions, till the one was engaged by a lieutenant of engineers, and the other by a cornet of dragoons; yet, in spite of bright eyes, rapid waltzes, and champagne, Jackson's words came back upon my mind. Had Desmond really plunged so deeply in a desperate cause?—had sickness fallen upon him, or was some secret misfortune, which the world might not know, pressing on the man who had befriended me when I was a stranger?

These suspicions went and came till pride and anger gave way to a restless desire to see my friend immediately, and learn how things were going with him. It was still long till the supper, the merriment was at its height, though I could not see Geraldine; but nobody would miss me, and Desmond's residence was near; so out I stepped, with a muttered quotation from Cicero touching the duties of friendship, on my tongue, and an inward resolution to return as soon as possible.

The house in which Eugene had fixed his quarters had two entrances; one, the door of honour, was from a fashionable street, and the other from a long alley, which opened into a lane communicating with Merriem Square. The latter was my nearest way, and, besides, it afforded me the benefit of a quiet entrance in my ball costume, and, owing to local causes, mud was not to be apprehended.

The night was frosty, but dull and heavy, with a mist that reminded me of Shakespeare's "blanket of the dark." A single lamp burned at the entrance of the passage, but the light grew faint in the gloom of its length. Yet, as I advanced, there was a sound of voices before me, as if coming from Desmond's door. I never was inclined to eavesdropping but my step grew involuntarily lighter, and there came a low whisper, but the voice was familiar to my ear, though its tone grew terribly deep in the darkness.

"You are betrayed, Desmond; Dr. Donovan, instead of being a French agent, is a government informer, and one of your meetings is in league with him. Read this note, which Copeland dropped not an hour ago; burn it when you have read it, dismiss the meeting, and leave Dublin to night for France—for France if you can, and all the good fortune that I have missed go with you. Desmond, do you know me?"

"Well, well," almost gasped Eugene; "but, Miss Fitzmaurice, why have you done this for me?"

"Mr. Eugene!—Mr. Eugene, dear!" said the voice of the old servant from within, "there's a gentleman axin for you."

"Good night," said the first speaker; but I heard a step coming up the alley, and instinctively turned up a narrow stone staircase, which wound into one of the old houses, just as a low figure, apparently wrapped in a large dark mantle, emerged into the faint light, and then perceiving the new comer, stepped suddenly back to avoid him, but it was too late. I saw the man rush forward—there was a scuffle in the dark, and then a voice, which my childhood had feared too often ever to forget, said,—"This way—this way! I will see your face Ha! Miss Fitzmaurice! I have followed you to some purpose! Do you come to meet with rebels?"

I thought something flashed across the passage like the gleam of steel, then came a rustle of garments, a low deep moan, and a heavy fall; but the next instant the small figure shot past me, and I was alone in the darkness.

Readers, call it cowardice, inhumanity, or what you will, I gave no alarm—the act would have involved too much; but I turned up, by the light of that solitary lamp, from the ground where he had fallen forward, with the cross hilt of a long twoedged dagger protruding from his left side, the still crafty though death stamped face, of Dr. Sullivan; and the next quarter of an hour found me entering the ball room, where the first object that met my sight was Geraldine Fitzmaurice, in all the splendour of dress and jewellery, waltzing with a tall

and remarkably handsome stranger, whom Mr. Copeland had taken a relation's privilege to introduce to the company a little before, as his newly-arrived friend the younger son of Lord Glenallen, the residue of whose titles might be found in the Scotch Peerage.

I felt my eyes wandering to the lady's hands, but they were as white as ever below the diamond bracelets. Her wit was still as sparkling, nay, her smile was still as sweet, as she replied to the gallant speeches of her partner, who certainly was a good specimen of northern aristocracy. But her eye had a glance of keen and terrible expectation as it turned to the opening door, that seemed to resemble "the fearful looking-for of judgment." On went the music, the dance and the flirtations son but just as Lord Glenallen's was conducting Miss Fitzmaurice to supper, followed by the whole assembly, an alarm of "murder" rose from the street, and a body was borne past by the night patrol, followed by a confused crowd, which even at that late hour poured from all the lanes and alleys of the neighbourhood.

Of course many of the gentlemen sallied forth to collect intelligence, and soon returned with a report that Dr. Donovan, the converted priest had been murdered, some said by the United Irishmen, and others by the agents of government, while a thousand vague rumours of secret plots and contemplated insurrections filled the city with panic and dismay in the midst of which the company broke up, and the only composed countenance I saw among them was that of Geraldine Fitzmaurice.

She took leave of her uncle's guests, though their parting compliments were somewhat hurried, with the same ease and grace that bade them welcome, and the only observation which the night's events elicited from her was that she "trusted government would take more efficient means to insure public safety."

So I left old Fitzmaurice congratulating himself on the fact that his niece had too strong a mind for the fears of ordinary ladies.

The inquest of the following day was carried on in a spirit of most rigorous investigation, and great was the public astonishment when a man, who appeared to have been apprehended near the spot for the occasion, swore positively that he had heard Eugene Desmond express a great dislike towards the deceased, and refused to allow him to become a member of a secret society held at his lodgings, though the doctor pretended to be an agent from France and employed himself, who was a member, to take notes of their treasonable meetings. A party of military was despatched on this information to seize Desmond and his papers, but after the most minute search and inquiry, to the manifest disappointment of the authorities, neither Desmond nor his papers could be found—his old servant too was gone; and the coroner's jury, all well chosen creatures, considering Eugene's flight as a corroboration of the informer's oath, and all the guilt which it imputed, delivered a verdict of "Wilful murder" against him. A warrant was immediately issued for his apprehension, and three days after he was arrested at Cork, when about to take his passage for America.

I lost no time in hastening to my friend's prison, to offer him my legal services, and consult over the facts of the case, of which I, at least, had gained such a terrible certainty. Desmond was still composed and calm, but the gentle countenance had grown more sadly grave. Yet some dark conviction of the full truth had reached him, and when I hinted my knowledge of the transaction, he grasped me by the arm convulsively, and demanded, with a look of ghastly terror, "Where you in the alley that night?"

"Yes," said I, "coming to visit you."

"Then, if you would have my blessing in this world or the next, never mention, never remember what you heard or saw there. Let the law take its course, circumstances are strong against me; but if I am executed, it has been the fate of many a better man."

I could not dispute his request as the case stood; independent of the difficulty of bringing home the proof, there was considerations regarding the real criminal, and the fact that I must be the only convicting witness, would have made me keep the secret at almost any hazard but that of Desmond's life.

There was, therefore, no resource but the common defences of law. All that prudence and legal knowledge could do was done to strengthen Eugene's cause the first counsellors were retained, and the most respectable witnesses summoned; but still I felt that circumstantial evidence weighed heavily against my friend.

I had just been summing it up in my mind when I chanced to meet Geraldine for the first time since the ball, at the house of a mutual acquaintance: her manner were as gay as ever, but the few, intervening days had made sad ravages in the thin, fair face, which looked as if it had been overwrought for years. As she entered, a group of morning visitors were conversing on the affair, which then formed the theme of general conversation; and one old lady raised her voice with the declaration, "That she would never believe Desmond could be guilty." This was, indeed, the most common impression—his previous high character, and the well known hostility of government, were prevailing arguments for him.

"It is hard to say, madam, who the law may find guilty," said Geraldine, with a degree of even philosophic composure, "but, to my certain knowledge, Mr. Desmond was a passenger on the Cork mail on the morning of the very day in which that awful crime was committed. Don't you remember it Julia?" she continued, addressing herself to a lately-come-out belle, with whom she was intimate on account of her high connexions,—"don't you remember the gentleman who bowed so politely to me when we were shopping?"

Miss Julia was probably never annoyed with any remembrance beyond that of her own face and the last new fashion, so she hesitated a moment, then complained that her memory was very treacherous; and finally, when assured by Miss Fitzmaurice, that "She must recollect the gentleman, he looked so much struck with Miss Julia in her new hat," she grew quite certain on the subject, and much more earnest than even Geraldine, who now whispered to the old dowager, "How simple I have been to make that statement before Mr. Connelly—they certainly will summon me; but to save the life of an innocent man one would go further than a court of justice."

When I thought on the occasion need not be related; false as it was, the *alibi* might be found; and the oaths of two such respectable witnesses would be sufficient to acquit Desmond.

Of course I left the house, only to have the summonses served. All the legal gentlemen engaged were delighted at the circumstance. Miss Fitzmaurice was found correct and distinct in her statement; it was certainly well arranged; and Miss Julia, after having got over her fears of appearing before a crowded court, in consideration of how much she would be admired, supported her evidence pretty clearly touching the gentleman who was struck with the new hat.

Seldom have I seen a court more crowded, or a trial which excited great interest, even in those days of legal spectacles. Copeland was there, looking rather dissatisfied; old Fitzmaurice, stately and stiff for justice; and Jackson,

anxious to find what he called "the bottom of the business." The crown lawyers and their witnesses seemed determined to obtain a conviction; and the evidence, though brief, appeared conclusive against Desmond. When the case for the prosecution closed, a counsellor, distinguished for his cross-examining powers, opened the defence; and honour to his memory, he succeeded in "bothering" the informer: but when our principal witness was called up, I felt my hope begin to waver. She cast one long look down into the criminal dock, where Desmond was standing all unchanged, but looking a little worn, then took the book and swore. She knew it was direct perjury, but the woman's eye never quailed nor quivered: and no cross examination—though, to do the gentlemen on the opposite side justice, they wished to do their best—could shake or alter her evidence in one tittle; it was a triumphant *alibi*. She had seen Desmond as a passenger on the Cork mail, on the morning of the day in which the murder was committed, and it was evident he had never returned to Dublin till he entered it as a prisoner.

The guard and driver of the mail, who were also summoned, corroborated her statement. Poor fellows, I fear that their anxiety to defeat an informer went beyond their love of truth on the occasion, but they swore "to the best of their knowledge."

Miss Julia's evidence was not quite so satisfactory; the poor soul did not know she was perjuring herself: but the new hat, and the gentleman who was struck with her, had equally found place in her memory; and the very vacuity of her mind saved her a world of questions more easy to propose than answer.

Though so much better supplied, my friend had requested me to address the jury for the last time in the defence; and believe it, readers, I did so with all my heart. Dwelling long and strongly on the character of Desmond's principal accuser, with all the moral beauties of his class, if I did steal a trifle or two from Curran, let the cause excuse it, and then lingering—God forgive me!—over the undoubted respectability, amiable disinterestedness, and moral and mental worth of our principal witnesses, with a power that went home to the hearts of the jury; and after the judge's rather long-winded charge, corrected by an hour's retirement, they delivered a verdict of most honourable acquittal.

It was received with thunders of applause, and Desmond was literally cheered home to his residence that day; but the consequences of the murder were not yet over; his confinement had been but short, but the typhus fever was in the prison. I had remarked that Eugene looked pale on the day of his trial, and called on the following morning; but the old servant, who, by the by, had returned with his master, and swore most lustily, as he expressed it, "that they were in Cork all the time," met me with tears in his eyes, and the intelligence that Eugene was delirious; the progress of the disease was rapid, and, in spite of the best medical attendance, my friend sunk daily. I had leaned to love and esteem him more since his misfortune shewed me the real value of the man; and sat watching by his bed one long night while the old nurse slept. His delirium still continued: he never spoke of the murder, but often of Geraldine; and still in terms of most sorrowful affection.

He had dropped to sleep at last, when the servant came to say, in a whisper that there was a stranger inquiring for me. I left the room quietly, after, as I thought sufficiently rousing the nurse, and found the stranger, a man of rather mean appearance, and very tedious in the delivery of his errand, had come to solicit my subscription to a forthcoming work, the name of which I have forgotten, but it never was published; and after some difficulty in dismissing him, I returned to the chamber; the old nurse was still fast asleep, but Desmond was awake and looking earnestly round the room.

"Where is she?" were his first words as I approached; but the tone grew low and hollow. "Where is Geraldine! she was here this moment—it was not a dream. She gave me a drink from that cup on the table, and bade me forget her in the other world for we would never meet."

I glanced at the cup; it was, indeed, almost empty, some one had been in the room, and Desmond's fine black hair, which had been shaven off and heaped on the chimney-piece, was dishevelled, as if some hand had been choosing the long locks out of it. The back entrance, which was found open, confirmed the supposition, that he of the never published work had more ends than his own to serve in my brief absence from Eugene's room.

Geraldine knew not how much that dark night in the old alley had revealed to me; but when I turned to answer Desmond he had sunk into a sudden slumber, which was, indeed, the portal of death, for he never awoke till about the break of day; then fixed his eyes first upon mine, and next on his old servant's face, and without another motion closed them for ever.

His funeral was a demonstration of almost universal respect; for besides his unblemished life, Desmond was regarded as the martyr of liberal opinions; and as connected with his story, an article, which had appeared in one of the Dublin papers, was much talked of, being the early history of the deceased Dr. Donovan. It was said that Mr. Fitzmaurice was seized with a most laudable desire to behold the beauties of the English lakes after its publication; and they left Dublin almost immediately. Neither the uncle or niece ever returned; the former resigned his situation, having realised a handsome competence in the course of his bachelor life; of the latter I heard much touching her brilliant reception and general *clat* in English society. It was said that those articles known as "good offers," were frequently met in her path; but people thought she was too ambitious, and her uncle had dropped hints that nothing less than a coronet need apply.

Lord Glenallen's son, however, remained constant in the pursuit; and death at last did wonders for that fortunate Scot, by removing his father and three brothers, in as many years, out of his way to the peerage; and six months after he took the oath to legislate for the nation by hereditary wisdom, the newspapers announced, "his union with the beautiful and accomplished Miss Fitzmaurice."

How Geraldine fared in her wedded life, I could never learn; but she was regarded as one of the cleverest and most fortunate dames of the British *beau monde*. Her uncle departed this life just in time to leave her the best part of his fortune; distant relations discovered, on making their wills, that her husband was the nearest of kin; his address and prosperity in politics were remarkable; and many chose to say he had married to some purpose. But when I last saw the lady—readers, the years were long that passed over me till then—her brow was still fair and furrowless, the early intelligence of the countenance was still there, but the sweetness was gone, and it had grown like a sealed book, that none might read or open; and they said—but I will not vouch for the fact—that she never cared to meet a clergyman or a lawyer.

RIENZI.

About this period, considerable interest was excited in Florence, by the appearance of an embassy from the celebrated Nicola di Rienzi, tribune of

the Roman people, whose bold, rapid, and somewhat theatrical career had become the wonder and admiration of Europe. The long-protracted absence of pontifical government had made Rome a scene of anarchy: no law, no justice, no civil protection; every man acted for himself alone, without reference to the safety or the rights of others: the two senators, Orsini and Colonna, each with his own faction, were hereditary and deadly enemies: the public revenue was plundered, the Pope defrauded, the streets infested with assassins, the roads with robbers, and pilgrims no longer visited the sacred shrines, for none were safe from violence: the ancient temples everywhere rose into fortresses, and nothing but war and slaughter were seen in the Eternal City. In the midst of this confusion appeared a certain Nicola, or Cola, son of one Lorenzo, or Rienzo, a petty innkeeper, and Madalena, a washerwoman of Rome. Cola di Rienzo's own exertions had already raised him to the rank of notary; his naturally refined intellect was cultivated until he became a perfect scholar; he excelled in all literary acquirements, and was gifted with powers of elocution far beyond the common standard. An enthusiastic admirer of ancient Rome, he existed only in her authors, revelled amidst her antiquities, deciphered her mouldering inscriptions, and lamented her fallen state; but while still musing over her misfortunes, heroically resolved to accomplish her deliverance. His extraordinary abilities, displayed in an embassy to Avignon, where Petrarch is said to have been joined with him, so struck Pope Clement VI. that he immediately made him notary to the apostolical chamber at Rome, although deaf to the eloquence that would fain have persuaded him to return there. In this distinguished post Cola gained universal respect by his integrity, and soon began to declaim openly against the oppressors of his country.

At a public meeting in the capitol he fearlessly reproached the leading factions with their crimes, but gained nothing except a blow from Andreozzo Colonna, and an indecent insult from an underling. His next feat was the exhibition of an allegorical picture on the walls of the capitol, which told the melancholy story of Rome, and the fate of more ancient nations under the withering effects of injustice; and when the people's attention was once excited, he suddenly poured forth one of those powerful strains of eloquence in which he so much excelled, and with all the spirit of the Gracchi, denounced the nobles and their disgraceful tyranny, even with more reason than those worthy and renowned citizens. On another occasion he produced a decree of the ancient senate which he had recently discovered, and showed it to the people as an act of that body investing Vespasian with the authority of Emperor. After this he again harangued them on the antique majesty of the Roman people, who made emperors their vicars, by clothing them with their own rights and power. "These princes," said he, "only existed by the will of your ancestors, and you, you have allowed the two eyes of Rome to be torn away; you have allowed both Pope and Emperor to abandon your walls, and be no longer dependent on your will. The consequence of this, as he told them, was banished peace, exhausted strength, discord, the blood of numbers shed in private war; and that city, once the queen of nations, reduced so low as to be their scorn and mockery. 'Romans,' he continued, "you have no peace, your lands lie untillied; the jubilee approaches; you have no provisions; and if those who come as pilgrims to Rome should find you unprovided, they will carry the very stones away in the fury of their hunger, and even the stones will not suffice for such a multitude." The people applauded and the nobles mocked him.

Like the first Brutus, they even invited him for amusement to their revels and made him harangue them like a mountebank, while they ridiculed his eloquent truths and fearless denunciations. Allegorical paintings were from time to time posted in various parts of the city, with corresponding labels, such as, 'The hour of justice approaches—wait thou for her'; and 'Within a brief space the Romans will resume their ancient and good state.'

But Rienzo was still ridiculed, and his proceedings considered as the mere visions of learned vanity. It was not with pictures and sententious matters, they said, that Rome could now be regenerated—something more was requisite. Cola was also of this opinion: and seeing that the public mind, whether in gravity or mockery, was now alive to the subject, immediately resolved on more vigorous action. Secretly assembling a considerable number of the most determined spirits from every class, except the very highest nobility, he addressed them on the Aventine Hill, and conjured them to assist him in the deliverance of their common country. He unfolded his plans, assured them of the Pope's acquiescence; developed the resources of Rome and the wholesome vigor of an honest popular government; and then administering an oath to each, he dismissed the assembly.

On the 19th of May, 1347, taking advantage of the potent Stefano Colonna's temporary absence, with most of his forces, Cola proceeded in solemn but unarmed procession to the capitol, where he laid his whole enterprise open before the assembled people. Shouts of enthusiastic approbation rolled through the crowd, and Rienzo was instantly invested with sovereign authority. Old Stefano Colonna soon returned, and haughtily refused to quit Rome again at the command of the dictator, whose orders he treated with contempt. On hearing this, Rienzo suddenly assembled the armed citizens, and, by a vigorous assault on the stronghold of Stefano, mastered all his forces, and compelled him to fly from the city with only a single domestic. The other barons succumbed; the town was guarded, fortified, and soon cleared of those ferocious bands of miscreants that had so long infested it under aristocratic license and protection. A parliament then assembled, which sanctioned every act, and bestowed on Rienzo the high-sounding titles of TRIBUNE OF THE PEOPLE, AND LIBERATOR OF ROME.

Thus was Roman liberty for a moment restored, by a single member of her humblest class of citizens. Such is the power of eloquence, when tyranny prepares its way and honesty dictates its periods! With all this excellence there was yet a certain vanity about Rienzo that argued weakness and instability. He assumed the pompous titles of 'Nicola the Severe and Clement,' 'Liberator of Rome,' 'The Zealous for the good of Italy,' 'The Lover of the World,' and 'The August Tribune.' But upright magistrates were created, many chiefs of factions who disturbed the country were executed, the noxious and nonjuring great were banished, and a gleam of tranquillity burst over the long-benighted city.—[Napier's Florentine History.]

Imperial Parliament.

THE NAVIGATION LAWS.

House of Commons.—Feb. 9th.

Mr. RICARDO, after a brief review of the Navigation Laws, and the various reciprocity acts, intimated that the motion which he had that evening on the paper was not for a total repeal of the Navigation Laws, but for an inquiry into their operation by a Select Committee of the House. He had a right to do.

mand this inquiry, for he was ready to prove these laws to be of the most mischievous tendency, as regarded trade, manufactures, shipping, and our colonies. He expected that the inquiry would be granted him by the courtesy of the House, considering that the last Committee which sat upon the subject was chiefly composed of gentlemen of the opposite party; and that that committee recommended that the subject should be further investigated, the lateness of the period at which the committee was appointed preventing it from terminating its investigation before the close of the session. In proportion as the Navigation Laws drove foreign tonnage from our ports, did they circumscribe the commerce of the country, and limit the operations of the manufacturers. The honourable gentleman then instanced several cases in which the laws in question had operated both absurdly and injuriously upon our direct and indirect trade, with a view of showing that they could substitute no laws for the proper regulation of trade and commerce, so efficient as the natural laws which they contravened. The Navigation Laws were neither more nor less than protection to British shippers, which protection could only be secured to them by raising freights. The evils to which this gave rise were felt by the colonies as well as by the parent country; whilst the former suffered also from it in a manner peculiar to themselves. Under existing circumstances, every principle of justice was set at defiance by interfering with the indirect trade of the colonies. The exclusive colonial system, of which the Navigation Laws are a type, had lost Brazil to Portugal, and the United States to Great Britain, and had left only Java to Holland, and only Cuba to Spain. Gentlemen opposite might quote against him the proposition of Adam Smith, in reference to this subject; but he would anticipate that by stating that Adam Smith's argument in this respect contradicted his proposition. Admitting that our commercial marine was the nursery of the Royal Navy, it was impolitic and inexpedient to maintain a system which operated injuriously upon, by restricting, that marine. The Navigation Laws had only resulted in securing us the carrying trade of our own country; but many nations employed foreign vessels almost exclusively in their carrying trade—in which cases we were never employed. But British shipping could and would successfully compete with foreign tonnage in the ports of those countries if the protection were removed, which now benefitted the shipowners only in our own ports. If the Committee for which he moved were granted him, he was prepared to prove that neither the British shipowner nor British seamen needed any such protection. Indeed, every relaxation of the Navigation Laws had operated favourably as regarded British shipping. Our foreign tonnage protection to shipping had not answered its purpose. The object sought to be attained by it would be secured by throwing protection overboard.

Mr. M. GIBSON, on the part of the Government, recommended the House to agree to the motion. The resolution only asked for an inquiry, and would not commit any member to the opinion entertained by Mr. Ricardo. The House would be continuing a train of useful inquiry, commenced in 1844, and pursued in 1845, by appointing this Committee.

Several hon. members delivered their opinions upon the subject, after which

Sir R. PEEL was favourable to the appointment of the Committee. The right honourable Baronet said, "I think there can be no reason why there should not be an inquiry into the operation and effect of the Navigation Laws, or why there should not be an opportunity of ascertaining whether the maintenance of these laws exactly as they at present exist is really for the interest of British commerce, for the interest of British shipping, and, above all, whether it is essential to that consideration which is, and ought to be, paramount to all others,—whether or no the maintenance of those laws is necessary for securing the maritime supremacy of this country. I give my assent to this inquiry, not to give effect to the particular views of the honourable member; it is proposed by an individual member of Parliament, and assented to by the Government—but, being proposed by an individual member of Parliament, I apprehend that those who assent to the inquiry, in no respect are bound to the particular opinions of the hon. member (hear, hear); and I give my assent to this proposal upon the full understanding that it is to be a Committee, not to give effect to any peculiar preconceived notions, but to be a *bono fide* inquiry into all the bearings of this very important question. (Hear, hear.) It has been remarked in the course of this debate, that the Navigation Laws have endured for 200 years, and take their origin from the Protectorate. I understand the Navigation Laws to be much older than that period. I understand their origin to be almost simultaneous with the existence of the commercial and military marine in this country; and that the Protectorate extended and incorporated the principle in the Navigation Laws passed at that period. But whatever may be their antiquity, you have been compelled to relax them, not from theoretical principles, but from necessity." The right hon. Baronet, having traced the periods when relaxations had been made in the Navigation Laws, concluded by giving his advice:—"Let us now maturely and deliberately inquire whether the recent change in your commercial laws does not render some change expedient in your Navigation Laws? But, the paramount consideration of your maritime defence ought not to be disregarded; and I hope that the Government will take care that the Committee is so constituted, and the inquiry so directed, that, come to what conclusion they may, the character of those who compose it, and the deliberate and dispassionate nature of the inquiry, will secure to their final judgment as much of authority in the country as the decision of any Committee can convey." (Hear, hear.)

Mr. HUDSON opposed the motion, being of opinion that any change in the existing state of things would prove injurious to the British seaman.

Mr. HUTT and Mr. Disraeli having addressed the House,

Lord J. RUSSELL said—"I think that it would be of great use to the House of Commons, and to the country, that a Committee should be appointed, and that parties interested should be brought before that Committee, and permitted the liberty of stating their views. (Hear, hear.) It is true that the Government of the country has many and great means of obtaining information, but I know of few means that are better for procuring the truest and best information on any matter, than by the examination of persons deeply and intimately connected with such matter, before a Committee of the House of Commons, where they would be examined by persons holding different views, and advocating different bearings of the question. I think, therefore, that it is probable we may derive great advantages from the inquiries of the Committee of the House of Commons which my honourable friend proposes. (Hear, hear.) Let us hear what the restrictions of which they complain are, and see what modifications are practicable, in order that the great shipping interest, which is one of the chief means of advancing the political greatness of this country, may be best promoted. (Hear, hear.) I do not myself agree in the arguments that would lead us back to a system of protection, but I do say that if we are to go in the way of freedom, it is desirable that the benefits of freedom which are ex-

tended to other parties in the community, should be extended to those also who are peculiarly affected by these laws." (Hear, hear.)

Upon a division, the numbers were—

For the motion.....	155
Against it.....	61
Majority.....	94

THE BUDGET.

House of Commons, Feb. 22.

The House of Commons went into Committee of Ways and Means, in order to the financial statement.

Sir CHARLES WOOD began by claiming indulgence, not only on account of the severe indisposition which made him feel not very able to make the effort, but also on account of the unusually heavy demand which he had to prefer.

There never was a time, it is true, when the finances of the country were so well able to bear an extraordinary pressure. At the beginning of January there was a balance in the treasury of more than £9,000,000; and, for the first time within the memory of any person conversant with financial affairs, there had been no occasion to have recourse to such things as Deficiency Bills. Mr. Goulburn's estimate of the revenue for the current financial year has been exceeded in every branch: the Customs shows an increase for the nine months over the corresponding period of last year in every item except the reduced duties; the Excise in every article, down even to post-horse duties, except soap, which had been interfered with by some accidental circumstances. This increase is still going on: for the six weeks of the current quarter already completed there is an increase of half a million. It is not to be expected, however, that the country will escape one of those reactions which appear to be periodical, as in 1825 and 1836. The high price of food presses upon the lives of many and upon the comforts of all classes, and it must tend to check consumption and the increase of the revenue. The total produce of the Customs and Excise duties for last year, ending on the 5th of January, was £34,558,000. Of this gross sum, articles of food contributed 5,530,000; liquids, such as wine, spirits, tea, coffee, and beer, £21,787,000; tobacco, £4,336,000; making the total amount of revenue produced by the duties on articles of food, solid and liquid, £31,653,000, out of £34,557,000. Nothing like the violent revulsion of 1825 and 1836, is to be feared. The experience of former reactions has not been lost on merchants and traders. Sir Robert Peel's recent Banking Bill has saved us from a great amount of wild speculation and distress; and many opponents of the measure have become converts to it from witnessing its operation. Capital has been applied principally to the construction of great lines of communication throughout the country, affording employment to large bodies of the people, and benefiting the exchequer to a considerable extent.

Contemporaneously with the high price of food has been the high price of cotton, and a consequent depression of manufactures. In Manchester on the 3d of February, out of 175 mills, 58 were working short time, 13 were stopped; out of 39,389 hands, 13,806 were working short time, and 2,638 were out of work. The scarcity of food on the Continent has contributed to the demand for bullion, and the difficulty of obtaining money has limited commercial enterprise. Still it is satisfactory to observe, that the amount of bullion in the coffers of the Bank of England at present is only £1,177,000 less than it was at this time last year. "On the 14th of Feb. 1846, the amount of bullion in the Bank coffers was £13,476,000; and on the 13th of Feb. 1847 it was £12,299,000. I am almost surprised at the small amount of bullion sent out of the country; and the circumstance is satisfactory, inasmuch as it proves that the enormous importation of corn and other food for the people, which has been going on for some time past, has contributed to the prosperity of manufactures by creating a great demand for manufactured goods, which have been sent to America and elsewhere in payment for grain. I am happy to find, that by the most recent accounts there is not the same demand for gold that has heretofore prevailed. It likewise affords me much gratification to be able to state, that the great banking establishment of France is better able to meet the demands upon it than it was some time ago. I say that it gives me pleasure to state that, because it is impossible for any misfortune to attend the currency and commercial interests of France which would not tell and react upon us."

Mr. Goulburn had anticipated a surplus revenue of £776,000 on the 5th of April next: the actual surplus, on the 5th of January last, amounted to £2,846,000; and, as Sir Charles had already stated, the progress of the revenue during the current quarter has exceeded all expectation. Several circumstances justify the expectation that the receipts for the next year will not be less. For example, if the Corn duty be less, the produce of the Sugar-duty is likely to be greater. "But more than that: there are three items, and only three, upon which the Customs-duties fell off in the course of the last nine months—articles upon which the duties were reduced, but the import of which has considerably increased; they are butter, cheese, and silk manufactures. I find that in the nine months from April to December, the butter imported in 1845 was 201,000 hundredweight; in 1846 it was 217,000 hundredweight. Of cheese the quantity imported was, in 1845, 202,000 hundredweight; in 1846, 265,000 hundredweight. Of silk manufactures, 218,000 pounds in 1845; 297,000 pounds in 1846. Here again is an instance in which a reduction of duty tends to promote an increased consumption of the article; affording a prospect that, at any rate before long, the amount of duty received may by an increased importation be equal to the duty originally obtained." With a little variation, therefore, Sir Charles assumed that the revenue for 1847-8 would be the same as that for the current year—

Customs.....	£20,000,000
Excise.....	13,700,000
Stamps.....	7,500,000
Taxes (Land and Assessed).....	4,270,000
Property-tax.....	5,300,000
Post-office.....	845,000
Crown Lands.....	120,000
Miscellaneous.....	330,000

Total ordinary income..... 52,065,000

In like manner, he could not assume that the expenditure would be less. The Estimates for the last two years have been below the actual expenditure, and the present Estimates are swelled by deferred votes; moreover, 1,500 men have been added to the Marine force. These are the items of estimated expenditure—

National Debt.....	£28,045,000
Consolidated Fund Charges.....	2,700,000
	30,745,000

Army	6,340,074
Navy	7,561,876
Ordnance	2,679,127
Miscellaneous	3,750,000

Total ordinary Expenditure..... £51,576,077

From these Estimates he had purposely omitted all consideration of the Irish distress; and the question now arose, what would be required on that head? Hitherto all the money for public works has been advanced by the Treasury; the property of Ireland has as yet repaid nothing. It has no doubt paid the poor-rate for 1846, (£390,000,) and local subscriptions to relief-funds have been paid. It is difficult to estimate the needful amount of expenditure very nicely; for it depends upon a number of facts over which Ministers have no control. The number of persons relieved on public works has been increasing with frightful rapidity: at the end of September it was 30,000; at the end of January, 571,000. The expense for the permanent staff of the Board of Works for January was £20,500. Government has expended in the purchase of grain £255,000. The issues from the Exchequer under the Labour-rate Act, to the 20th of February, were £2,400,000; and of that £2,000,000 has actually been paid. In fact, the gross expenditure will not fall very far below a million each month. He believed that the administration of relief by means of Relief Committees and soup-kitchens would be much cheaper than it is by means of public works. On the other hand, though he was sanguine in the hope that the measure for the improvement of estates would work well, and might tend to relieve the pressure on the public works, it would not in the first instance diminish the charge on the public. He could not estimate the probable demands on the Treasury for the year ending with August next at less than £10,000,000; whereof about two millions has been actually paid, leaving £8,000,000 to be provided in future. Under these circumstances, the House would not be surprised at his having resisted Lord George Bentinck's demand for £16,000,000.

Now came the question, how to raise the money. It is clear that no practicable amount of taxation would provide for the increased demand off-hand. Should he, then, borrow the whole, or a part? To borrow a part, would involve a great drain upon the balances in the Exchequer; and, considering the state of the money-market, with the extent to which the finances stood pledged for advances, he was very unwilling to adopt that course. No one can tell how the next harvest may turn out. Last year there was imported for home consumption, in grain and flour of all kinds, 5,318,000 quarters, chiefly the produce of 1845. By August next, preceding harvests will be to a great extent exhausted. With such uncertainty, it would be very unwise not to maintain in the Exchequer those large balances which have afforded the means of making advances. And as another reason for borrowing, Sir Charles observed, that he was not making a permanent addition to the Public Debt of the whole amount borrowed, because a considerable portion of it is ultimately to be repaid by the Irish proprietors. (Laughter.)

The next question is, should the borrowing be accompanied by increased taxation? He thought not. This would be a most unfortunate time to alter the taxation of the country. Should the harvest fail, and should there be no crop of potatoes, it might be necessary next season to make a further demand on the public resources. Next session it will be necessary to deal with the Income-tax—perhaps in a new Parliament; and it was therefore better to leave the question of taxation open. He made no doubt that he could borrow the £8,000,000 at the rate of 3½ per cent; which would entail an annual charge of £280,000. That would not be the only demand for interest. In order to keep Exchequer Bills above par, it will be necessary to increase the interest from 1-12d. a day to 2d. a day; the annual increased cost being £142,000; and making, with the previous sum, an increase in the charge for the Debt of £422,000.

The total expenditure of the country, therefore, for 1847-8, he estimated at £51,998,000; leaving a surplus of only £67,000. He expected £450,000 from China; but against that must be set an excess of naval expenditure for the current financial year of £185,000. The final result would be as follows—

Total Income	£52,515,000
Total Expenditure	52,183,000
Surplus	£332,000

This state of the finances must be his answer to gentlemen on either side of the House, who had on various occasions pressed him to reduce the duty on tea, tobacco, paper, copper, or any articles which produce a considerable amount of duty. Sir Charles also stated that he did not mean to propose this session an annual duty in lieu of the Sugar duties; especially as two votes about to be proposed would give the full advantage of annual duties,—namely, the motion with which he was about to conclude for this year, and the revision of the Income-tax for next year.

Sir Charles admitted that he had opposed the Income-tax to meet a deficiency of £2,500,000; but it had enabled the House to adopt beneficial changes in our commercial system, proposed by Sir Robert Peel; and, without approving of all the details, Sir Charles fully concurred in the policy of these measures. To show their working, he read a statement respecting the quantities of articles entered for consumption during the last four years. "Of coffee it appears there were entered for home consumption in the year 1843, 30,031,422 pounds; in 1844, 31,391,297 pounds; in 1845, 34,318,095 pounds; and in 1846 36,781,391 pounds. The next article is butter. The quantity entered in 1843 was 148,295 hundred-weight; in 1844, 180,965 hundred-weight; in 1845, 240,118 hundred-weight; and in 1846, 255,130 hundred-weight. I next come to cheese. Of that article in 1843 there were entered for home consumption 160,563 hundred-weight; in 1844 212,206 hundred-weight; in 1845, 258,246 hundred-weight; and in 1846, 327,490 hundred-weight. I may observe that I have not yet heard of any complaints from the Cheshire farmers on this subject. I find that the quantity of currents entered in 1843 was 254,727 hundred-weight; in 1844, 285,116 hundred-weight; in 1845, 309,799 hundred-weight; and in 1846, 359,315 hundred-weight. The quantity of sugar entered in 1843 was 4,037,921 hundred-weight; in 1844, 4,139,983 hundred-weight; in 1845, 4,880,606 hundred-weight; and in 1846, 5,231,848 hundred-weight. Now, upon all the articles I have mentioned the duty has been reduced; and I have reserved till the last the great article of tea, for the reduction of the duty upon which so much interest has been evinced. It is, however, only fair to state, that though the duty upon tea has not been reduced, from various circumstances, well known to the commercial world, the price of tea has been considerably reduced. There were entered for home consumption in 1843, 40,301,107 pounds of tea; in 1844, 41,369,351 pounds; in 1845, 44,183,135 pounds; and in 1846, 46,728,208 pounds. All these articles are largely consumed by the great body of the people; and it must certainly be satisfactory to

the House and to the country to find to what an enormous extent the consumption of such articles has increased. The consumption could not be confined to the higher and more wealthy classes; but it is perfectly evident from its extent that it has been spread over the great body of the people."

Sir Charles concluded by moving "that a sum of £8,000,000 be granted out of the Consolidated Fund for the supply of her Majesty."

A long and discursive debate followed. All the speakers expressed approval of the manner in which the financial statement had been laid before them.

Mr. HUME objected to granting £10,000,000 for Ireland, without some guarantee that remedial measures would be carried into effect. The policy of the Government seemed limited entirely to Ireland. He would have had them meet the extraordinary expenditure there, by extraordinary means, and devote the surplus revenue to great commercial objects.

Mr. WILLIAMS objected to the large expenditure: the present Estimates show an excess of £7,793,000 over the Estimates of 1835, prepared by Sir Robert Peel and accepted by his successors.

Mr. ROEBUCK, before voting £10,000,000 for Ireland, demanded to know what was the intention of Government with respect to other Irish measures, particularly with regard to the Poor-law; it was understood that seventy of the largest proprietors were against the bill. He insisted that the Chancellor of the Exchequer ought to meet the expenditure of the year by the taxation of the year; and for that purpose, he ought to impose a property and income tax on Ireland. It ought not to be forgotten that great distress existed in England. A committee of gentlemen at Mallow had discovered the startling fact, that a large portion of people in that district had been habitually in want of food, living on half a meal a day. Unusual attention has recently been drawn to Ireland; those who were accustomed to England fancied that these scenes must be unexampled, and they attempted to relieve the distress; but they only added to it; they dried up the usual sources of charity, withdrew the people from the cultivation of the land, converted Government into corn-chandlers and millers, and demoralized the people. There was a rush of misery; the assistance given last year made the people abandon all exertion, and depend upon Government for subsistence this year: the news of this loan would excite the same cry for food next year—the same cry of "Give, give." All private benevolence would be exhausted under such a mass of misery; and they must take care that Ireland did not drag England down in a common ruin.

Lord JOHN RUSSELL replied to Mr. Roebuck, that the time when the landlords have lost large portions of their income, and in some cases the whole is not the time for imposing new taxes. He cited evidence that the ordinary scarcity in England, or even in Ireland, is a totally different thing from the mortal starvation which now prevails. With respect to a poor-law, although there might be much variety of opinion on the details, he did not think there would be any objection to the general principle.

Lord GEORGE BENTINCK denied that the prosperity described by Sir Charles Wood was due to free trade; increased consumption had taken place in many articles, such as butter and malt, in which there had been no reduction. He imputed the prosperity to railway enterprise. If free trade had caused any increase, it was in slave-grown sugar, and in foreign silk; the silk-weavers of Spitalfields suffering a further increase of their misery. Lord George read an address from the Spitalfields weavers to himself, closing in these terms—

"We entertain the idea that had your Lordship possessed the reins of Government—" ("Hear, hear!")—"the people of that country would not have perished to the extent they have, because we conceive that your Lordship would have regarded not the fashionable principles of political economy; whereby the people might have been saved." That letter, added Lord George, expressed the feelings of the working classes respecting these doctrines of political economy; and he agreed with them.

Mr. SHAW promised the cooperation of the Irish proprietors with the Government, especially in a candid consideration of the Poor-law.

Mr. GOULBURN criticised the financial proposal in a spirit of general approval; and replied to Lord George Bentinck. In the increased consumption of sugar there has been so small a proportion of slave-labour sugar, that no account can be made of it. If the imports of silk have increased, so have the exports. If the consumption of untaxed articles has increased, it has been through the relief of industry by reduction in articles of prime necessity, which has increased the consuming power. As to railway enterprise, large speculations have formerly been coincident with deficient revenue: in 1841, notwithstanding the deficiency of that time, £47,729,000 had been invested by fourteen companies.

Mr. VERNON SMITH recommended Terminable Annuities instead of Three-and-a-half per Cent. Stock. Alderman Thomson commended the practice of keeping large balances in the Exchequer. Mr. Moffatt wished for further information on the Annual Duties Bill. Mr. Francis Baring argued against the necessity of annual duties; he did not see the use of exposing a particular trade to a yearly "botheration." He took rather a gloomy view of financial affairs, and tried to stimulate Mr. Hume—"It is perfectly hopeless to do it." Mr. Muntz would rather increase taxation at once than put off the evil day. Mr. Bickham Escott objected to increased taxation by an effete Parliament; and rather blamed Government for keeping up taxes on articles of needful consumption, while taking a loan on account of distress. Mr. Ewart concurred in that view; the time is at hand for a courageous revision of the whole financial system. M. Banks advocated the scheme of his noble friend Lord George Bentinck. Mr. Morgan John O'Connell said a few words for Ministers and Irish necessities. Mr. Finch was anxious for a revision of the currency; but heartily approved of Sir Charles Wood's course, as the best under the circumstances.

The formal vote of £8,000,000 was agreed to; and the House resumed.

Funic Impeller.—The principle upon which Mr. Gordon's method of moving bodies is based, admits of no doubt, viz, that machinery, whatever may be its beauty, cannot add to the power of heat as the prime mover. And should he succeed in practically carrying out this principle, making "funic impulse," or the discharge of the hot products of combustion, the moving power, the steam engine with its paddles, or screw propellers, will have seen its day. He says that he has succeeded in a boat 26 feet long and 4½ broad—one man blowing a common small forge bellows doing the work of two rowers. The bellows entered into a close furnace, luted, and fitted tight; and each stroke passed air through the close fire, the hot products rushing out against the water by a discharge pipe, immersed 12 inches. The first trial by one man started the boat (weighing 2 tons,) from a state of rest, 3 feet in 2 seconds—the fire, and one man blowing air, doing the work of two men; hence it followed, that suitable close furnaces, blown by a 50-horse power steam engine, will do the work of 100 horses in impelling the vessel, and so on in proportion; so says Mr. Gordon.

THE REIGN OF GEORGE THE SECOND.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

Memoirs of the Reign of George the Second; by Horace Walpole. Edited by the late Lord Holland. 3 vols. Colburn: London.

Walpole, in giving his history to the world, renounces the title of an historian. He proclaims himself simply a compiler; his volumes, *Memoires Pour Servir*; and his chief purpose, simply, to give his own recollections, day by day, of the men and things passing before his eyes. Yet what historian has ever told his story with more spirit, ever sketched his characters with more living truth, or led our curiosity onward through the labyrinth of political intrigue, parliamentary struggle, and national vicissitude, with so light, and yet so leading a hand? A part of this charm arises from the interest which he himself took in his performance. He evidently delighted in the revival of those scenes in which he had once figured, and the powerful portraiture which, in his study realized the characters of the eminent men whom he had seen successively depart from the political world. In this lies the spell which makes Walpole the favourite of all the higher order of readers in our age, and will make him popular to the last hour of the English language.

We read Gibbon like a task. We are astonished at his learned opulence, his indefatigable labour, and his flood of rich and high-wrought conception; but we grow as weary of him, as if we walked through an Indian treasury, and rested the eye only on heaps of gold. With all our great historical writers, the mind feels a sense of their toil, and, however it may be endured for the sake of its knowledge, our toil, too, is inevitable, and the crop must be raised only by the sweat of our own brow.

But the pages of Walpole give us the knowledge without the toil, and, instead of bending to the tillage, we pluck the fruit from the tree as we pass along. When he, too, is heavy, his failure arises simply from his attempting to assume the style of his contemporaries. He is not made for their harness, however it may be plated and embroidered. He cannot move in their stately and measured pace. His genius is volatile and vivid; he moves by bounds; and his display is always the most effective when, abandoning the beaten tracks of authorship, he speeds his light way across the field, and exhibits at once the agility of his powers and the caprice of his will.

What infinite gratification have we lost, by the want of such a writer in the days of classical antiquity! With what interest would the living world follow a Greek or a Roman Walpole! With what delight should we contemplate a Greek Council, with Pericles for its president, sketched by the hand of a spectator, and shown in the brilliant contests, intellectual intrigue, and ardent ambition of these sons of soul! What a scene would such a writer make of Cicero confronting Catiline, with the supremacy of Rome trembling in the scale, and the crowded senate-house preparing to hear the sentence of life or death! We might have wanted the strong historic phraseology of Sallust; or, in a subsequent age, the gloomy grandeur of Tacitus, that Caravaggio of ancient Rome; we might have lost some of the classic beauty, and all the theatrical drapery, but we should have had a clearer, more emphatic, and more faithful picture, than in the severe energy of the one, or the picturesque mysticism of the other. We should have known the characters as they were known to the patrician and the populace of two thousand years ago; we should have seen them as they threw out all their stately and muscular strength; we should have been able to recover them from the tomb, make them move before us "in their armour, as they lived," and gather from their lips the language of times and things, now past away from man.

It is not our purpose to give a consecutive view of the contents of these volumes. Their nature is the reverse of consecutive. They are as odd, irregular, and often as novel, as the changes of a kaleidoscope. Nothing can be less like a picture, with its background, and foreground, its middle tints and its *chiaroscuro*. Their best emblem perhaps would be the "Dissolving views," where a palace has scarcely met the eye, before it melts into an Italian lake; or the procession to a Romish shrine is metamorphosed into a charge of cavalry. The volumes are a *melange* of characters, anecdotes, and reflections. We shall open the pages at hazard, and take, as it comes first, in those "Sortes Walpolianæ," a Westminster election.

There is "nothing new under the sun." What the Irish cry for "Repeal" is now, the cry for the "Stuarts" was a hundred years ago. Faction equally throve on both; and the tribe who live by faction in all ages uttered both cries with equal perseverance—the only distinction between them being, that as the Jacobite cry was an affair of the scaffold, it was uttered with a more judicious reserve.

Yet, it is only justice to the men of the older day, to acknowledge that their motives were of a much higher order than the stimulants of the modern clamour. With many of the Scottish Jacobites, the impulse was a sense of honour to their chieftains, and a gallant devotion to their king; with many of the English, it was a conscientious belief that they were only doing their duty to the lawful throne in resisting the claims of the Prince of Orange. It is remarkable, that of the "seven bishops" sent to trial by James, but one, Trelawny, could be prevailed on to take the oath of allegiance to William; yet, unfounded and extravagant as were these conceptions, they showed manliness and conscience. Later times have had motives, unredeemed by the chivalry of the Scotch, or the integrity of the English; but the cause of both has been marked with a similarity of operation, which makes Solomon still "an oracle."

The elections became the chief scenes of display. The efforts to return Jacobite members were of the most pertinacious kind, and sometimes proceeded to actual violence. In one of the Westminster elections, the court candidate had been furiously attacked by a hired mob; and one Murray, a man of family, and marked, by his name, for an adherent of the Stuarts, had exhibited himself as a leader, had been captured, and consigned to the custody of the Serjeant-at-arms.

After a period of confinement, pardon was tendered to him, if he would ask it. He refused contemptuously, and obtained popularity by playing the hero.

Murray was brought to the bar of the House of Commons to be heard in his own defence. He asserted his innocence, smiled when he was taxed with having called Lord Trentham and the High Bailiff rascals, desired counsel, and was remanded. Another character then comes on the tapis by way of episode. This was Sir William Yonge. It has been said of the celebrated Erskine, that in the House he was a natural, out of the House he was a supernatural; and certainly nothing could be less like, than the orator of the bar, and the prattler of the House of Commons. Yonge's characteristics were just the reverse. He was always trifling, out of the House, and sometimes singularly effective in it. Walpole says of him, that his Parliamentary eloquence was the more extraordinary, as it seemed to come upon him by inspiration. Sir Robert Walpole frequently, when he did not choose to enter early into the debate himself,

gave Yonge his notes as the latter came into the House; from which he could speak admirably, though he had missed all the preceding discussion.

Sir Robert Walpole said of him, with a pungency worthy of his son, that "nothing but Yonge's character could keep down his parts, and nothing but his parts support his character;" but, whatever might be his character, it is certain that his parts served him well, for though but four-and-twenty years in Parliament, he was twice a Lord of the Treasury, a Lord of the Admiralty and Secretary at War, finishing with the then very lucrative situation of Vice-Treasurer of Ireland. For the more honorary part of his distinctions, he had the Ribbon of the Bath, was a Privy Councillor, and was appointed Lord Lieutenant of Carnarvonshire.

We now return to Murray. It was moved that he should appear before the House on his knees. Walpole's description is very graphic. "He entered with an air of confidence, composed of something between a martyr and a coxcomb."

"The Speaker called out, Your obeisances, sir, your obeisances, and then, sir, you must kneel. He replied, Sir, I beg to be excused, I never kneel but to God. The Speaker repeated the command with great warmth. Murray answered, Sir, I am sorry I cannot comply with your request: I should in any thing else. The Speaker cried, Sir, I call upon you again to consider of it. Murray answered, Sir, when I have committed a crime, I kneel to God for pardon, but I know my own innocence, and I cannot kneel to any one else. The Speaker ordered the Serjeant to take him away and secure him. He was going to reply, but the Speaker would not suffer him. The Speaker then made a representation to the House of his contemptuous behaviour, and said, However you may have differed in the debate, I hope you will be unanimous in the punishment."

"Then ensued a long, tedious, and trifling succession of speakers, finishing by an adjournment at two in the morning."

Then comes another character passing through the magic lantern. The Mutiny Bill is the back ground for this caricature. The front figure is Lord Egmont. John Percival, second Earl of Egmont, seems to have been an extraordinary compound of the fanatic and the philosopher. He was scarcely of age, before he had a scheme of assembling the Jews, and making himself their king. His great talent was, indefatigable application. He was once, indeed, seen to smile; but that was at chess. His father had trained him to history and antiquities; and he early settled his own political genius by scribbling pamphlets. Towards the decline of Sir Robert Walpole's power, he had created himself a leader of the Independents, a knot of desperate tradesmen, many of them converted to Jacobism, by being fined at the custom-house for contraband practices. One of their chiefs was Blackstone, a grocer in the Strand, detected in smuggling, and forgiven by Sir Robert Walpole; detected again, and fined largely, on which he turned patriot and became an alderman of London.

At the beginning of this parliament, rejected by Westminster, and countenanced nowhere, he bought what Walpole pleasantly calls the loss of an election at Weobly, for which place, however, on a petition, Fox procured his return to parliament, and immediately had the satisfaction to find him declare against the court. At the Westminster election, his indefatigability against the ministerial favorite came amply into play. All the morning he passed at the hustings, then came to the House, where he was a principal actor, and the rest of the day, he spent at hazard, not to mention the hours spent in collecting materials for his speeches, or, in furnishing them to his weekly mercenariness.

We then have a touch of the pencil at Lord Nugent.

"This Irishman's style was florid bombast; his imprudence as great as if he had been honest. He affected unbounded good humor, and it was unbounded, but by much secret malice, which sometimes broke out into boisterous railing, but oftener vented itself in still born satires. Nugent's attachments were to Lord Granville; but all his flattery was addressed to Mr. Pelham, whom he mimicked in candor, as he often resembled Granville in ranting. Nugent had lost the reputation of a great poet, by writing works of his own, after he had acquired fame, by an ode, that was the joint production of several others."

Walpole certainly had an aversion to the wits of his day, with the exception of George Selwyn; on whom he lavished a double portion of the panegyric that he deserved, as a sort of compensation for his petulance to others. His next portrait, was Lord Chesterfield, the observed of all observers, "the glass of fashion, and the mould of form," a man of talent, unquestionably, and a master of the knowledge of mankind, but degrading his talent, by the affectation of coxcombry, and turning his knowledge into a system of polished profligacy.

Chesterfield, though not the first, who had made a study of the art of *nothings*, was the first, who publicly prided himself on its study; and, while France owed her fashionable vice to an hundred sources, all England looked up to Chesterfield as the high priest of that shrine, in which time and reputation were equally sacrificed, and in which fame was to be acquired alone by folly.

Walpole's sketch was struck off, when Chesterfield was sinking into the vale of years, and he exhibits that celebrated peer under the character, at once melancholy and ridiculous, of a superannuated politician and an old beau. Chesterfield, since he had given up the seals in 1748, had retired from politics; in that spirit of resignation, which in extinguished politicians, is only a decent disguise for despair.

He had published, what he called an apology, for his resignation, which, as Walpole says, excited no more notice than the resignation itself. "From that time he had lived at White's, gaming, and pronouncing witticisms among the boys of quality." He then proceeds to examine the noble lord's construction, pretty much in the style of an anatomist with the subject on the table, and cuts him up with the zeal of angry science.

"Chesterfield, early in life, announced his claim to wit, and the women believed it. He had besides, given himself out for a man of great intrigue, and the world believed that too. It was not his fault if he had not wit, for nothing exceeded his efforts on that point. His speeches were fine, but as much labored as his extempore sayings. His writings were everybody's; that is, whatever came out good was given to him, and he was too humble ever to refuse the gift. But besides the passive enjoyment of all good productions in the present age, he had another art of reputation, which was either to disapprove of the greatest authors of other times, or to patronise whatever was too bad to be ascribed to himself."

We then have a slight glance at his public life. His debut in diplomacy was as ambassador to Holland, where, as Walpole says, "he courted the good opinion of that economical people," by losing immense sums at play. On his return, he attached himself to Lord Townshend, an unlucky connexion; but what

did him more harm still, was the queen's seeing him one Twelfth Night after winning a large sum of money at hazard, cross St. James's Court to deposit it with my lady Suffolk until next morning." The queen never pardoned an intimacy there, and well she might not, Lady Suffolk's royal intimacies being perfectly notorious.

His next employment of note was the vice royalty of Ireland; in which Walpole acknowledges that he was the most popular governor which that luckless country ever had. "Nothing was cried up but his integrity. He would have laughed at any man who had any confidence in his morality."

But Chesterfield's vice royalty deserves better treatment than this. In Ireland he was an able governor. The man had something to do, and he did it. The lounge of the London clubs could not dawdle through the day in the midst of a fiery people full of faction, bleeding with the wounds of civil war, and indignant at the supremacy of the "Saxon."

Jacobitism, in England a fashion, was in Ireland a fury. In England a phantom of a party, it was in Ireland a fierce superstition. In England a fading recollection of power lost, and a still feeble hope of favors to come, it was in Ireland a hereditary phrenzy embittered by personal sufferings, exalted by fantastic notions of pedigree, and sanctioned by the powerful but secret stimulants of Rome. This was no place for a man to take his rest, unless he could contrive to sleep on thorns.

Chesterfield was then forced to be vigorous and vigilant; to watch every symptom of disaffection, to suppress every incipient turbulence, to guide without the appearance of control, and to make his popularity the strength of a government almost wholly destitute of civil reputation or military force. But the highest panegyric is to be found in the period of his thus preserving the peace of Ireland. It was in 1745, when the Pretender was proclaimed in Edinburgh, when the Highland army was on its march to London, and when all the hopes of hollow courtiership and inveterate Jacobitism, were turned to the triumph of the ancient dynasty. Yet, Ireland was kept in a state of quietude, and the empire was thus saved from the greatest peril, since the Norman invasion.

An Irish insurrection would have largely multiplied the hazards of the Brunswick throne; and though we have firm belief in the power of England to extinguish a foreign invader, yet, when the question came to be simply one of the right to the crown, and the decision was to be made by civil conflict, the alienation, or the insurrection, of Ireland might have thrown an irresistible weight into the scale.

It is not our purpose, nor would it be becoming, to more than allude to the private life of this showy personage. His was not the era of either public or private morality. His marriage was contemptible, a connexion equally marked by love of money and neglect of honor; for his choice was the niece of the Duchess of Kendal, the Duchess being notoriously the King's mistress, and Chesterfield obviously marrying the niece as being a probable heiress of her aunt, and also of bringing to her husband some share of royal favor. He was disappointed, as he deserved, in the legacy; and seems to have been not much happier in the wife, who brought him no heir, and was apparently a compound of pride and dullness. He was more fortunate, however, in earning the political favour of the old Duchess of Marlborough, who left him £20,000 in her will.

Still, with all the political chicanery, and all the official squabbles of parliament, those were sportive times; and Walpole records the delay of the debate on the bill for naturalizing the Jews, as arising from the adjournment of the house, to attend private theatricals at Drury Lane, where Delaval had hired the theatre to exhibit himself in Othello! Walpole, in his pleasant exaggeration, says, that "the crowd of the people of fashion was so great, that the footman's gallery was hung with blue ribands."

For some reason which must now sleep with the author, he had an inveterate aversion to Secker, then Bishop of Oxford, and afterwards translated to Canterbury. "The king," said he, "would not go to chapel because the Bishop of Oxford was to preach before him. The ministers did not insist upon his hearing the sermon, as they had lately upon his making him Dean of Saint Paul's."

Character and popularity do not always depend upon the circumstances which alone ought to fix either. He then proceeds to hew the right reverend lord in pieces. "This bishop," says he, "who had been bred a Presbyterian and man-midwife, which sect and profession he had dropt for a season, while he was President of a Free-thinking Club, had been converted by Bishop Talbot, whose relation he married, and his faith settled in a prebend of Durham, whence he was transplanted by the queen, and advanced by her (who had no aversion to a medley of religions, which she always compounded into a scheme of heresy of her own) to the living of St. James's, vacant by the death of her favourite Arjan, Dr. Clarke, and afterwards to the bishoprics of Bristol and Oxford."

Then, probably for the purpose of relieving the dark hues of this desperate portrait, he throws in a touch of praise, and tells us that Secker grew surprisingly popular in his parish of St. James's, and was especially approved of in the pulpit.

Secker's discourses, with his charges and lectures, still remain; and it is impossible to conceive anything more commonplace in style, weaker in conception, or more thoroughly marked with mediocrity of mind. And yet it is perfectly possible to conceive such a man popular. What the multitude call eloquence, in the pulpit, is palpably different from eloquence any where else. At the bar, or in the legislature, it evidently consists in a mixture of strong sense and powerful feeling. It must exhibit some knowledge of the subject, and more knowledge of human nature. But the "sermons" which then achieved a passing popularity were characterised by nothing but by the most shallow notions in the most impotent language. The age of reasoners had passed away with Barrow, South, and Sherlock; and a studied mingling of affected simplicity and deliberate nonsense constituted the sole merits of the pulpit in the middle of the eighteenth century. Then, according to the proverb, that "when things came to the worst, they must mend," came the gentle enthusiasm of Wesley and the fierce declamation of Whitefield, both differing utterly in doctrine, practice, and principle, yet both regarding themselves as missionaries to restore Christianity, and both evidently believed by the multitude to be all but inspired. Their example, however, infused some slight ardour into the established pulpit, and its sermons were no longer dull *rechauffes* of Epictetus, and substitutes for the Gospel, taken from the school-boy recollections of Plato. Secker reigned in this middle-age of the pulpit, and his performances are matchless as models of words without thought, doctrines without learning, and language that trickled through the ear without the possibility of reaching the understanding.

But Secker's faults were those of nature, which alone is to be blamed; unless we are to join in the blame the minister who placed such a twinkling taper as a "shining light" in the church.

We do not believe in the story of his freethinking, though Walpole strongly repeats it, and gives his authority. Secker's was obviously a commonplace mind, wholly destitute of all pretension to ability, yet as obviously not disinclined to make use of those means which often constitute court favour, but which high minds disdain. He had been made Dean of St. Paul's by the Chancellor's interest, though he had been for some time in the shade at court, from being strongly suspected of cultivating the Prince's connexions at the same time; however, he achieved Canterbury at last, and, once sheltered in Lambeth, he might laugh at the jealousies of courtiers.

Walpole now bursts out into indignant virtue; exclaims that even the church has its renegades in politics, and almost compassionates the king "who was obliged to fling open his *asylum* to all kinds of deserters; revenging himself, however, by not speaking to them at his levee, or listening to them in the pulpit."

In the meantime, the great source of all opposition, the dread of the successful, the hope of the defeated, the thorn in the royal side, or, to take a higher emblem, the tree of promise to all that contemptible race who trade in conscience, and live on faction,—disappeared in a moment. The heir-apparent died! The Prince of Wales had suffered from a pleurisy, but was so much recovered as to attend the king to the House of Lords. After being much heated in the atmosphere of the house, he returned to Carlton House to unrobe, put on only a light frock, went to Kew, where he walked some time, returned to Carlton House, and lay down upon a couch for three hours on a ground floor next the garden. The consequence of this rashness or obstinacy was, that he caught a fresh cold, and relapsed that night.

After struggling with this illness for a week, he was suddenly seized with an increase of his distemper. Three years before, he had received a blow on the breast from a tennis ball, from which, or from a subsequent fall, he often felt great pain. Exhausted by the cough, he cried, "Je sens la mort," and died in the arms of his valet.

The character of this prince, who was chiefly memorable as the father of George III., had in it nothing to eclipse the past age, conciliate the present, or attract honour from the future. Walpole, in his keen way, says, "that he resembled the Black Prince in nothing, but in dying before his father." "Indeed," he contemptuously adds, "it was not his fault if he had not distinguished himself by warlike achievements." He had solicited the command of the army in Scotland in the rebellion of 1745, which was of course given to his brother; "a hard judgment," says Walpole, "for what he could do he did." When the royal army lay before Carlisle, the prince, at a great supper which he gave his court and favourites, had ordered for the dessert a model of the citadel of Carlisle, in paste, which he in person, and the maids of honour, *bombarded with sugar plums!*

The Prince had disagreed with the king and queen early after his coming to England, "not entirely," says Walpole, "by his own fault." The king had refused to pay his debts in Hanover, and it ran a little in the blood of the family to hate the eldest son! The queen exerted more authority than he liked, and "the Princess Emily, who had been admitted into his greatest confidence, had not," the historian bitterly observes, "forfeited her duty to the queen, by concealing any of his secrets that might do him prejudice."

Gaming was one of his passions; "but his style of play did him less honour than even the amusement." He carried this *dexterity* into practice in more essential points and was vain of it. "One day at Kensington that he had just borrowed £5000 of Doddington, seeing him pass under his window, he said to Hedges, his secretary, 'that man is reckoned one of the most sensible men in England; yet, with all his parts, I have just tricked him out of £5000!'" A line from Earl Stanhope summed up his character,—"He has his father's head and his mother's heart."

A smart hit is mentioned of Pelham, who, however, was not remarkable for humour. One Ayscough, who had been preceptor to Prince George, and who had "not taught him to read English, though eleven years old," was about to be removed from the preceptorship. Lyttleton, whose sister he had married, applied to Pelham to save him. Pelham answered, "I know nothing of Dr. Ayscough—Oh, yes, I recollect, a very worthy man told me in this room, two years ago, that he was a *great rogue*." This very worthy man happened to be Lyttleton himself, who had then quarrelled with Ayscough about election affairs. Walpole abounds in sketches of character, and they are generally capital. Here is a kit-cat of Lord Albemarle, then ambassador in Paris. It was convenient to him to be anywhere but in England. His debts were excessive, though he was ambassador, groom of the stole, governor of Virginia, and colonel of a regiment of guards. His figure was genteel, his manner noble and agreeable. The rest of his merit was the interest Lady Albemarle had with the king through Lady Yarmouth. He had all his life imitated the French manners since he came to Paris, where he never conversed with a Frenchman. If good breeding is not different from good sense, Lord Albemarle at least knew how to distinguish it from good nature. He would bow to his postillion while he was ruining his tailor.

The prince's death had all the effect of the last act of a melo-drama. It had blown up more castles in the air, than any explosion in the history of paint and pasteboard. All the rejected of the court had naturally flocked around the heir-apparent, and never was worship of the sun more mortified by its sudden eclipse. Peerages in embryo never came to the birth, and all sorts of ministerial appointments, from the premier downwards, which had been looked upon as solid and sure, were scattered by this one event into thin air. Drax, the prince's secretary, who "could not write his own name;" Lord Baltimore, who, "with a great deal of mistaken knowledge, could not spell;" and Sir William Lrby, the princesses' Polonius, were to be barons; Doddington, it was said, had actually kissed hands for the reversion of a dukedom!

The whole work is a picture gallery. Doddington, whose "Diary" has placed him among those authors whose happiest fate would have been to have been prohibited the use of the pen, ink, and paper, is sketched to the life in a few keen and graphic lines.

"This man, with great knowledge of business and much wit, had, by mere absurdity of judgment and a disposition to finesse, thrown himself out of all the views which his large fortune and abilities could not have failed to promote, if he had preserved but the least shadow of steadiness. He had two or three times gone all lengths of flattery, alternately with Sir Robert Walpole and the prince. The latter keenly said, 'that they had met again, at last, in a necessary connexion, for no party would have anything to do with either.'"

Why has not some biographer, curious in the dissection of human vanity, written the real life of Doddington? There could be no richer subject for a pen contemptuous of the follies of high life and capable of dissecting that compound of worldly passion and infirm principle which, in nine instances out of ten, figures in the front ranks of mankind.

Doddington had begun public life with higher advantages than most men of

his time. He had figure, fortune, and fashion; he was employed early in Spain with Sir Paul Methuen, our ambassador; where he signed the treaty of Madrid. He then clung to Walpole, whom he panegyrised in verse and adulated in prose. But Walpole thwarted his longing for a peerage, and the refusal produced his revolt. He then went over to the Opposition, and flattered the prince. But the prince had a favourite already; and Doddington failed again. He then returned to Walpole, who made him a lord of the treasury. But Walpole himself was soon to feel the chances of power; and Doddington, who was never inclined to prop a sinking cause, crossed the House again. There he was left for a while to suffer the penalties of a placeman's purgatory, but without being purified; and, after some continuance in opposition, a state for which he was unfitted as a shark upon the sea-shore, he crossed over again to the court, and was made treasurer of the navy. But he was now rapidly falling into ridicule; and, determining to obtain power at all risks, he bowed down before the prince. At this mimic court he obtained a mimic office, was endured without respect, and consulted without confidence. Even there he had not secured a final refuge.

The prince suddenly died; and Doddington's hopes though not his follies, were extinguished in his grave. Such was the fate of a man of ability, of indefatigable labour, of affluent means, and confessedly accomplished in all the habits and knowledge of public life. He wanted as Walpole observes, "nothing for power but constancy." Under a foreign government he might have been minister for life. But in the free spirit and restless parties of an English legislature, though such a man might float, he must be at the mercy of every wave.

We then have the most extraordinary man in England in his day, under review, the well known Duke of Newcastle, minister, or possessing ministerial influence, for nearly a quarter of a century! Of all the public characters of his time, or perhaps of any other, the Duke of Newcastle was the most ridiculed. Every act of his life, every speech which he uttered, nay, almost every look, and gesture, becomes food for erlesque. All the scribblers of the empire, with some of the higher class, as Smollett, were pecking at him day by day; yet in a parliament were with his powerful eloquence, Bedford with his subtle argument, Townshend with his wit, and the elder Fox with his indefatigable intrigue, were all contending for the mastery; this man, who seemed son etimes half-frenzied, and other times half-idiotic, retained power, as if it belonged to him by right, and resigned it, as if he had given it away.

Walpole thus describes his appearance. "A constant hurry in his walk, a restlessness of place, a borrowed importance, gave him a perpetual air of a solicitor. His habit of never finishing which proceeded from his beginning every thing twenty times over, gave rise to the famous bon-mot of Lord Wilmington. 'The Duke of Newcastle always loses half an hour in the morning, which he is running after for the rest of the day.' But he began the world with advantages:—an estate of £30,000 a-year, great borough and country interest, the heirship of his uncle, the old Duke of Newcastle, and a new creation of the title in his person." Walpole curiously describes the temperament of this singular man.

"The Duke of Newcastle had no pride, though infinite self-love. He always caressed his enemies, to enlist them against his friends. There was no service that he would not do for either, till either was above being served by him.

"There was no expence to which he was not addicted, but generosity. His houses, gardens, table, and equipage, swallowed immense treasures. The sums which he owed were exceeded only by those which he wasted. He loved business immoderately, yet was always only doing it, never did it. His speeches in council and parliament were copious of words, but unmeaning. He aimed at every thing, yet endeavoured nothing. A ridiculous fear was predominant in him; he would venture the overthrow of the government, rather than dare to open a letter that might discover a plot. He was a secretary of state without intelligence, a man of infinite intrigue without secrecy or policy, and a minister despised and hated by his master, by all parties and ministers, without being turned out by any." This faculty of retaining office is evidently the chief problem in Walpole's eyes, and was as evidently the chief source of wrath, in the eyes of his crowd of clever opponents.

But the duke must have had some qualities, for which his caricaturists will not give him credit. He must have been shrewd, with all his oddity, and well acquainted with the science of the world, with all his trifling. He must have known the art of pulling the strings of parliament, before he could have managed the puppet show of power with such unflinching success. He must also have been dexterous in dealing with wayward tempers, while he had to manage the suspicious spirit, stubborn prejudices, and arrogant obstinacy of George II. It may be admitted that he had great assistance in the skill and subtlety of his brother Pelham; but there were so many occasions on which he must have trusted to himself alone, that it may well be doubted, whether to be constantly successful, he must have been skilful and that the personal dexterity of the minister was the true secret of his prolonged power.

We now come to Walpole's summary of the career of the two most celebrated men of his early life—his father and Bolingbroke.

Sir Robert Walpole and Lord Bolingbroke had begun, as rivals at school, lived a life of competition, and died much in the same manner, "provoked at being killed by empirics, but with the same difference in their manner of dying as had appeared in the temper of their lives,—the first with a calmness which was habitual philosophy, the other which his affected philosophy could not disguise. The one had seen his early ambition dashed with imprisonment, from which he had shot into the sphere of his rival. The other was exiled, recalled and ruined. Walpole rose gradually to the height of power, maintained it by his single talents, against Bolingbroke, assisted by all the considerable men of England; and when driven from it at last, resigned it without a stain or a censure; retiring to private life without an attempt to re-establish himself, and almost without a regret for what he had lost."

Though this was the tribute of a son to a father, it is in all its essentials, the tribute of truth; for Walpole was, beyond all doubt, a man of great administrative abilities, remarkably temperate in the use of power, and, though violently assailed both within and without the house, neither insolent in the one instance, nor vindictive in the other. It was equally beyond a doubt, that to him was in a great degree owing the establishment of the Hanover succession. The peaceful extinction of Jacobitism, whose success would have been the renewal of despotism; and that system of finance and nurture of the national resources, which prepared the country for the signal triumphs of the reign, were the work of Walpole.

Bolingbroke, with talents of the highest brilliancy, wanted that strength of judgment without which the most brilliant talents are only dangerous to their possessors. After tasting of power, only to feel the bitterness of disappointment—after rising to the height of ambition, only to be cast into the lowest

depths of disgrace, after being driven into exile, and returning from it only in the humiliation of a pardon under the hand of his rival,—Bolingbroke died in retirement, without respect, and in the obscurity, without the peace of a private station. It must be acknowledged that, in his instance, ill-fortune was only another name for justice; that the philosopher, whose pen was employed in defaming religion, was punished in the politician, who felt the uncertainty of human power; and that a life expended in treachery to the religion in which he was born, was well punished by his being forced in public life to drink the bitterest dregs of political shame, live with an extinguished reputation, and be buried in national scorn, long before his body was consigned to the tomb.

AN EPISODE IN THE LIFE OF OLE BULL.

TRANSLATED FROM THE DANISH OF H. C. ANDERSEN.

Behind the Alps is the land of miracles, the world of adventures. We do not believe in miracles; adventure, on the contrary, is dear to us—we listen willingly to it; and such a one as only happens to genius took place in Bologna in the year 1834.

The poor Norman, Ole Bull, whom at that time no one knew, had wandered thus far southward. In his fatherland some persons certainly thought that there was something in him; but the most part, as is generally the case, predicted that there would be nothing in Ole Bull. He himself felt that he must go out into the world in order to cherish the spark into a flame, or else to quench it entirely. Everything at first seemed as if the latter would be the case. He had arrived at Bologna, but his money was expended, and there was no place where there was a prospect of obtaining any—no friend—no countryman stretched forth a helping hand towards him,—he sat alone in a poor attic in one of the small streets. It was already the second day that he had been here, and had scarcely tasted food; the water jug and the violin were the only two things that cherished the young and suffering artist. He began to doubt if he were in possession of that gift with which God had endowed him, and in his despondency breathed into the violin those tones which now seize our hearts in so wonderful a manner; those tones which tell us how deeply he has suffered and felt.

That same evening a great concert was to be given in the principal theatre. The house was filled to overflowing; the Grand Duke of Tuscany was in the royal box; Madame Malibran and Monsieur de Beriot were to lend their able assistance in the performance of several pieces. The concert was to commence, but matters looked inauspicious—the manager's star was not in the ascendant—M. de Beriot had taken umbrage, and refused to play. All was trouble and confusion on the stage; when in this dilemma the wife of Rossini the composer entered, and in the midst of the manager's distress related, that, on the previous evening, as she passed through one of the narrow streets, she had suddenly stopped on hearing the strange tones of an instrument, which certainly resembled those of a violin, but yet seemed to be different. She had asked the landlord of the house who it was that lived in the attic whence the sounds proceeded, and he had replied that it was a young man from the north of Europe; and that the instrument he played was certainly a lyre, but she felt assured that it could not be so; it must either be a new sort of instrument, or an artist who knew how to treat his instrument in an unusual manner. At the same time, she said, that they ought to send for him, and he might perhaps supply the place of M. de Beriot by playing the pieces that must otherwise be deficient in the evening's entertainment. This advice was acted upon, and a messenger was despatched to the street where Ole Bull sat in his attic. To him it was as a message from heaven: "now or never," thought he; and, though ill and exhausted, he took his violin under his arm and accompanied the messenger to the theatre. Two minutes after his arrival the manager informed the assembled audience that a young Norwegian, consequently "a young savage," would give a specimen of his skill on the violin, instead of M. de Beriot.

Ole Bull appeared, the theatre was brilliantly illuminated; he perceived the scrutinizing looks of the ladies nearest to him; one of them, who watched him very closely through her opera glass, smilingly whispered to her neighbour, with a mocking mien, about the diffident manners of the artist. He looked at his clothes, and in the strong blaze of light they appeared rather the worse for wear. The lady made her remarks about them, and her smile pierced his very heart. He had taken no notes with him which he could give the orchestra; he was consequently obliged to play without accompaniment, but what should he play?

"I will give them these fantasias which at this moment cross my mind!" and he played improvisatory remembrances of his own life, melodies from the mountains of his home, his struggles with the world, and the troubles of his mind: it was as if every thought, every feeling passed through the violin, and revealed itself to the audience. The most astounding acclamations resounded through the house. Ole Bull was called forth again and again; they still desired a new piece, a new improvisation. He then addressed himself to that lady, whose mocking smile had met him on his appearance, and asked her for a theme, to vary. She gave him one from "Norma." He then asked two other ladies, who chose one from "Otello" and one from "Moses." "Now," thought he, "if I take all three, unite them with each other, and form one piece, I shall then flatter each of the ladies; and, perhaps, the composition will produce an effect." He did so. Powerfully as the rod of the magician the bow glided across the strings, while cold drops of perspiration trickled down his forehead. There was fever in his blood; it was as if the mind would free itself from the body; fire shot from his eyes—he felt himself almost swooning; yet a few bold strokes—they were his last bodily powers.

Flowers and wreaths from the charmed multitude fluttered about him who, exhausted by mental conflict and hunger, was nearly fainting. He went to his home accompanied by music. Before the house sounded the serenade for the hero of the evening; who, meanwhile, crept up the dark and narrow staircase, higher and higher up, into his poor garret, where he clutched the water jug to refresh himself.

When all was silent the landlord came to him, brought him food and drink, and gave him a better room. The next day he was informed that the theatre was at his service, and that a concert was to be arranged for him. An invitation from the Duke of Tuscany next followed; and from that moment name and fame were founded for Ole Bull.

CAPTURE OF EDINBURGH CASTLE.

From Turnbull's "Genius of Scotland."

Draw near to the edge of that battlement, and look down over the frowning rock. Would it be possible, think you, to storm the Castle from that side? One would suppose it beyond the power of man. It has been done, however, and the circumstance illustrates the spirit of hardihood and enterprise which

has ever distinguished the people of Scotland. In the year 1313, when the Castle was in the possession of the English, Randolph, Earl of Moray, was one day surveying the gigantic rock, when he was accosted by one of his men at arms with the question, "Do you think it impracticable, my lord?" Randolph turned his eyes upon the speaker, a man a little past the prime of life, but of a firm well-knit figure, and bearing in his keen eye and open forehead marks of intrepidity which had already gained him distinction in the Scottish army. "Do you mean the rock, Francis?" said the Earl; "perhaps not, if we could borrow the wings of our gallant hawks."

"There are wings," replied Francis, with a thoughtful smile, "as strong, as buoyant, and as daring. My father was keeper of yonder fortress."

"What of that? You speak in riddles."

"I was then young, reckless, high-hearted: I was screwed up in that convent-like castle; my sweetheart was in the plain below—"

"Well, what then?"

"Sdeath, my lord, can you not imagine that I speak of the wings of love? Every night I descended that steep at the witching hour, and every morning before the dawn I crept back to my barracks. I constructed a light twelve-foot ladder, by means of which I was able to pass the places that are perpendicular; and so well, at length, did I become acquainted with the route, that in the darkest and stormiest night, I found my way as easily as when the moonlight enabled me to see my love in the distance waiting for me at the cottage door."

"You are a daring, desperate, noble fellow, Francis! However, your motive is now gone; your mistress?"

"She is dead; say no more; but another has taken her place."

"Ay, ay, it's the soldier's way. Women will die or even grow old; and what are we to do? Come, who is your mistress now?"

"My Country! What I have done for love, I can do again for honor; and what I can accomplish, you, noble Randolph, and many of our comrades can do far better. Give me thirty picked men, and a twelve foot ladder, and the fortress is our own!"

"The Earl of Moray, whatever his real thoughts of the enterprise might have been, was not the man to refuse such a challenge. A ladder was provided, and thirty men chosen from the troops; and in the middle of a dark night, the party, commanded by Randolph himself, and guided by William Francis, set forth on their desperate enterprise."

"By catching at crag after crag, and digging their fingers into the interstices of the rocks, they succeeded in mounting a considerable way; but the weather was now so thick, they could receive but little assistance from their eyes; and thus they continued to climb, almost in utter darkness, like men struggling up a precipice in the night-mare. They at length reached a shelving table of the cliff, above which the ascent, for ten or twelve feet, was perpendicular; and having fixed their ladder, the whole party lay down to recover breath."

"From this place they could hear the tread and voices of the 'check watches,' or patrol, above; and, surrounded by the perils of such a moment, it is not wonderful that some illusions may have mingled with their thoughts. They even imagined that they were seen from the battlements, although, being themselves unable to see the warders, this was highly improbable. It became evident, notwithstanding, from the words they caught here and there in the pauses of the night-wind, that the conversation of the English soldiers above related to a surprise of the Castle; and at length these appalling words broke like thunder on their ears: 'Stand! I see you well!' A fragment of the rock was hurled down at the same instant; and as rushing from crag to crag it bounded over their heads, Randolph and his brave followers, in this wild, helpless, and extraordinary situation, felt the damp of mortal terror gathering upon their brow, as they clung with a death-grip to the precipice."

"The startled echoes of the rock were at length silent, and so were the voices above. The adventurers paused, listening breathless; no sound was heard but the sighing of the wind, and the measured tread of the sentinel who had resumed his walk. The men thought they were in a dream, and no wonder; for the incident just mentioned, which is related by Barbour, was one of the most singular coincidences that ever occurred. The shout of the sentinel and the missile he had thrown, were merely a boyish freak; and while listening to the echoes of the rock, he had not the smallest idea that the sounds which gave pleasure to him carried terror and almost despair into the hearts of the enemy."

"The adventurers, half uncertain whether they were not the victims of some illusion, determined that it was as safe to go on as to turn back; and pursuing their laborious and dangerous path, they at length reached the bottom of the wall. This last barrier they scaled by means of their ladder; and leaping down among the astonished check-watches, they cried their war-cry, and in the midst of answering shouts of 'treason! treason!' notwithstanding the desperate resistance of the garrison, captured the Castle of Edinburgh."

THAT KEG OT SPECIA.

A short, but pretty good story about Capt. Charley Ross, was promised by us the other day. We know of no better occasion than the present of giving it currency. In all material points, Charley is the right sort of a man. He understands his own business as well as the best of 'em—is straight forward and independent in all his dealings, and is seldom very badly fooled.

It was about four o'clock one day, something like an hour before the boat was starting for New Orleans, that a well known broker of this city, interrupted Capt. Charley in the midst of his business and when he was as busy as a bee in a tar barrel.

"I say, Captain Ross, I have a keg of specie coming on board—how much will you charge to have it delivered to the Canal Bank, New Orleans?"

"How much is there in it?"

"Only five thousand dollars."

"O, I suppose five dollars will be a fair charge."

"Very well," said the broker in his usual bland manner—"here comes the dray, all right."

In due time, the specie was deposited in the clerk's office, and the bills of lading were made out. It may not be amiss, at this point, to state that the Captain had been accidentally informed an hour or two previous by some other interested party, of the amount contained in the cask.

"How is that fixed in the bill of lading?" asked the Captain.

"All right," answered the Clerk, "it says a keg of specie, containing five thousand dollars."

"That's correct," said the Captain—"that's the amount you mentioned, I believe, Mr. —."

* We give the version of Leitch Ritchie, who has thrown the facts into the form of a dialogue, and given a false name to the hero; otherwise the narration is entirely authentic.

"Yes, that's the amount," replied the broker, somewhat embarrassed—"but what's the use of putting it in the bill of lading?"

"O, that's the way we always do it."

"But," said the broker insinuatingly, "you can leave it out this time."

"Certainly not."

"Then of course, you'll deliver the keg just as it is?"

"We'll try—but accidents frequently happen—we'll be sure to deliver according to the bill of lading, a keg containing five thousand dollars in specie."

The broker was now thoroughly alarmed.

"Let me say a word to you Captain Ross," taking that gentleman aside; "what'll you take that keg to New Orleans for, making no mention in the bill of lading of the amount it contains?"

"For twenty dollars," said Captain Ross.

"For twenty! then you know how much there is in it!"

"Certainly—there's twenty thousand dollars in gold and silver."

"That's a fact—make out the papers—here's your twenty dollars. I give up."

It is extremely probable that this is the only instance on record, where a broker has undertaken to out lie a steamboat Captain that he didn't fairly succeed. The conclusion is inevitable, that the broker was not smart enough for his business.

Cincinnati News.

Foreign Summary.

The steam-ship *Hibernia*, Capt. Ryrie, arrived at Boston at about 6 o'clock on Saturday afternoon, bringing intelligence to the 4th inst., a month later than before received. The commercial news will be found, of course, important, and generally favourable. The Flour market has been depressed but had rallied again, and the prospect was that prices would be sustained. The Cotton market appears to be firm.

There is no political intelligence of startling interest. Ireland and Irish affairs continue to be the chief topics of interest, and Famine yet stalks unchecked through the land. France is experiencing a severe financial crisis, as well as suffering from scarcity. The Prussian Monarch had at last fulfilled a promise made a quarter of a century ago, and given his subjects a Constitution.

A memorial signed by Baring Brothers and a large number of the heaviest houses in London, has been presented to the Lords of the Admiralty, praying for more speedy intercourse with the U. S., Havana and Mexico, which is as follows:—

"To the Right Honourable the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty."

"My Lords—We, the undersigned merchants and traders of the city of London, interested in the trade to the Southern United States, Havana, and Mexico, beg to submit to the consideration of your lordships the great advantage that would result from an accelerated intercourse between Great Britain and the countries above mentioned."

"According to a plan, said to have been submitted to your lordships by Capt. Chappell, secretary to the Royal Mail Steam Company, it appears that not only can a considerable saving be effected in the time now required by the company's steamers to make the voyage to Havana and other ports in the Mexican Gulf, but that the important city of New Orleans can be placed in direct communication with this country in twenty-eight days; and, fully impressed with the belief that this alteration will greatly benefit the trade and commerce of the country, we respectfully request your lordships will be pleased to give your sanction to the arrangement."

"The following statement shows the time required outward by the present and the proposed routes, with the saving that would be effected by the alteration:—

	Present time. Days.	Proposed. Days.	Saving. Days.
Bermuda	32	15½	16½
Nassau, N. P.	41½	20½	21
Havana	35*	23	12½
Vera Cruz	42½	34½	8½
Tampico	45½	36	9½
Honduras	46½	34	12½
New Orleans		28	

An avalanche from the heights of the Aquilles Ronges, buried the hamlet of Chable, destroying a number of lives.

Alarming accounts of famine come from every part of France. Vast supplies are ordered from every quarter. Complaints are made in the papers that so much less grain comes from the United States to French than to English ports. Large orders it is said have come out by the steamer. It is said that the French are about to take military possession of Majorca, Minorca and Ivia.

Very large shipments of grain for England and France have been made at Constantinople.

The Pope is making new concessions to the Jews, and the Sultan in Turkey is doing the same towards the Christians.

Dumas, the author, wrote to the Marquis de Maleville, stating that he had insulted him, and referring him to his friend M. Viennet to agree upon the time and place "were he could meet him to cut his throat." The Marquis replied as follows:—

"Sir—I thank you for having afforded me the opportunity of seeing the agreeable and excellent M. Viennet. As to the proposal which you are good enough to make to cut my throat, I am chagrined beyond measure at not being able to accept it. I have not the honor to be a gentleman."

Marquis de MALEVILLE."

News from India and China has been received.—The treaty with the Sikhs has been ratified. The Scinde force is to be reduced by about 7000 men; and the frontier force has been strengthened;—and affairs generally are peaceful and quiet. The Cholera had visited Madras, but was on the decline.

O'Connell is rapidly sinking. His physicians have announced that he is too weak to write letters, and his son stated this at one of the repeal meetings.

The Irish poor are emigrating in great numbers, chiefly to the U. S. All the ready ports are crowded, but the *Chronicle* says, "unfortunately they are those whose loss will be severely felt as they possess pecuniary means and are not destitute." Freight for steerage passengers has risen to 4 guineas.—Landlords are aiding their peasantry to emigrate.

Mr. R. S. Guinness, of Dublin, has issued an address to his poorer tenantry in the county of Wexford, offering £3 to each person in a family, provided the whole go together, and also £1 for each individual, the latter sum to be paid

on arrival in New York, Quebec, or any other American port that may be fixed upon.

W. F. A. Delane, who has for a long time been the leading editor of the *Times*, has left that paper.

The steamer Great Western is advertised for sale. The new steamers for the British Company are to be called the *America*, *Canada*, *Niagra*, and *Europe*.

S. S. Gair, Esq., one of the partners of Baring Brothers, and chief manager of the Liverpool branch, died on the 13th.

It is said that the Great Britain steamer is now secure.

The Emperor of Russia has forbidden the establishment of the Telegraph in his dominions without his permission.

The French Government has authorised the concession to a company, headed by Messrs. Herout & Handel, of four steamers belonging to the Navy, to establish a line between Havre and New York. These vessels are worth 1,900,000 francs, and are to carry the mails for nothing. Immense numbers of French people are preparing to emigrate to the United States.

Switzerland is to have a general council. Austria has sent more troops to the frontiers of Switzerland and Italy.

War has again commenced on the borders of the Black Sea; a body of 4000 mountaineers attacked the fortress of Gaga and killed many Russians, but were repulsed.

The Journal des Debats states that a good understanding has been restored between Guizot and the English minister Lord Normanby, the latter making the first advance and the Austrian ministry acting mediator. Lord Normanby had been received with great cordiality by the King Louis Philippe.—Count Walewski has been appointed French minister to the Plate republic and was to sail in a few days.

Further outbreaks have occurred in Spain. The Carlists were making great progress in the north. In Catalonia they have already appeared in great force. The French government has sent a large military force to the frontiers. Projects had been introduced into the Chambers at Madrid for raising 50,000 troops and borrowing 200 millions of reals. The loan produced a fall in the funds. Both projects were under debate.

A commercial convention has been concluded with the King and Chiefs of Cape Mount, or the west coast of Africa, for the suppression of the slave trade.

The Spanish government has appointed a commission to inquire into the expediency of establishing railroads in Spain.

It is stated that the government is negotiating with the owners for the purchase of the steam ship *Great Western*.

A ship which has arrived at Bristol has brought 1,014 bags of sugar from China.

There are upwards of 700 workhouse schools in England and Wales.

The Chancellorship of Cambridge.—The poll was closed on Saturday last, and numbers were officially stated to be—Earl Powis 837, Prince Albert 953, majority for Prince Albert, 116. The official announcement of the result of the election was to be made to Prince Albert yesterday, and it is stated in the *Morning Chronicle* that the prince would accept the chancellorship.

M Guizot and Lord Normanby.—The public will learn with satisfaction that the personal differences between Lord Normanby and M. Guizot have been settled amicably, and in a manner satisfactory to the honour and feeling of both parties. The credit of this gratifying result is due to the interference of Count Appony, the Austrian ambassador at Paris.—*Morning Chronicle*.

Parisian Gossip.—The religious world are all on tiptoe, awaiting the result of a negotiation pending between the highest ecclesiastical authority in the kingdom and a lady of the most illustrious rank—the Duchesse de Talleyrand who has announced her determination of returning to protestantism, from which she had been persuaded some years ago. You can form no idea of the excitement to which this determination has given rise; and in the church of her parish, in the Faubourg St. Germain, litanies to the Virgin are put up night and day in her behalf. Her object in again changing her creed, is said to be to procure a divorce of herself from her husband, she having fixed her affections upon a young Polish gentleman, whom she is about forthwith to marry. Meanwhile, the lady's family stand aghast, and know not where to call for aid. The event will cause much interest among the fashionable world of England, where the fair duchess accompanied her uncle, the late Prince Talleyrand, in his embassy, and where she is still remembered with the admiration due to her great genius and romantic beauty.—*Letter in the Atlas*.

Bavaria.—A change of the Bavarian Ministry is said to be on the point of occurring, from a very singular cause. The king has lately become strongly attached to a Spanish dancer, named Lia Montes, well known for her beauty and violent temper, who has acquired such influence over his mind as to be the channel through which all royal favours flow. This lady has prevailed upon the king to confer upon her the title of Countess of Staremburg, and to grant her a large estate from the crown lands; but the ministers absolutely refused to countersign the necessary documents, and tendered their resignations. The king has consequently sent for the Prince of Oettinger Wallenstein, in order to form a more subservient ministry. The greatest scandal has been created at Munich by the affair, and this scandal has been increased by the violence and arrogance of the favourite, who lately wounded, with an umbrella, a carter, who, as she thought, had insulted her. She was immediately surrounded by a crowd, and was forced to take shelter in a house, which was attacked by the mob; and it was with some difficulty that the police succeeded in returning her.

Spain.—The movements of the Carlists in Catalonia have begun to assume a certain degree of importance, and some alarm is felt at Madrid. Two or three hundred Carlists, under Tristany, Ros de Eroles, and other guerrilla leaders, entered Cervera, on the 16th ult. defeated the civic guard, and drove the queen's authorities from the town. After a few hours' stay, the Carlists marched off with 90,000 reals (£900) in money, which they had found in the government chest, as well as some arms, ammunition, and tobacco. They are said to have been joined by many of their prisoners; and other accounts mention that desertions had taken place from the queen's troops of Lerida and other places in Catalonia. The government would appear to fear a general Carlist insurrection; for, on the 23d ult. the ministers of war and finance laid before the chamber of deputies bills empowering the administration to add 50,000 men to the army, and to contract a loan of 200,000,000 reals (£2,000,000). It is generally believed at Madrid, that General Cabrera and the well known guerrilla leader, Forcadell, had entered Spain; and it is said that the latter has received a commission from the Count de Montemolín to take the command of the Carlists in Catalonia.

A VEGETABLE COMPASS.

It is a well known fact that in the vast prairies of the Texas a little plant is always to be found which, under all circumstances of climate, change of weather, rain, frost, or sunshine, invariably turns its leaves and flowers to the north. If a solitary traveller were making his way across those trackless wilds, without a star to guide, or compass to direct him, he finds an unerring monitor is an humble plant, and he follows its guidance, certain that it will not mislead him.

We regret to announce the Death of the Duke of Northumberland. He was born in 1785, and died at Alnwick Castle on the 11th of February, leaving no issue. There are twenty Dukes in the Peerage, and the late Duke stood with in four of the bottom. His Grace represented George IV. at the coronation of Charles Xth of France. On that occasion the magnificent array of his attendants quite outshone the splendor displayed by the ministers of the Czar, or even the representatives of the Imperial Crown of Austria. Parliament voted £10,000 to purchase a diamond hilted sword as a present to his grace, to mark their sense of the manner in which he maintained the dignity of his sovereign at the French Court. He is succeeded in his titles and estates by his brother, Lord Prudhoe—of whose brief visit to this country such agreeable recollections are preserved—and who, till 1816, was known by the title of Lord Algernon Percy.

Taking the Census.—How many males are there in this family?

Do you mean children and all?

Certainly.

Ah, then, there ain't none—'cause my children's all gals, 'cept John, and he ain't my child. D'ye count John?

How many females are there in the family?

Females! Let me see, there ain't none but Biddy, the hired gal.

I understood you to say that your children were all girls.

La! Yes! Wal, d'ye count them too?

Certainly, I do—I count all who make their home in your family—old and young—men, women, and children.

Snakes alive! Then you want to put down the old man, I s'pose—don't you?

What old man?

My old man, to be sure.

I thought you said that John, the servant, was the only male in the family?

So I did—but I didn't s'pose 'males' meant descript old men, like my husband. Poor dear! He's been all but dead with palsy, six years next hoeing.

Now for the females.

Well, here's Biddy, and Prudence, and Grace, and Jemima, and—that's all four of 'em.

But you haven't included yourself.

Gracious! D'ye put down the old women, too! 'Pears to me the State's mighty curus this year.

PROMOTIONS AND EXCHANGES.

WAR-OFFICE, Feb. 19.—8th Light Drags.—Major F. G. Shewell to be Lt.-Col. by pur. v. McCall, who rets.; Capt. R. De Sallis to be Major by purchase, v. Shewell; Lt. H. F. Cust to be Capt. by pur. v. De Sallis; Lt. G. Chotwode, from the 4th Ft. to be Lt. by purchase, v. Cust. 14th Lt Drags.—S. K. Ibbetson, Gent. to be Cornot, by pur. v. Buller, who retires. 17th Lt. Drags.—Lt. W. Morris, from 16th Lt Drags. to be Lt. v. J. Stephenson, who retires upon half-pay of 16th Light Drags.; Lt. J. E. Fleming to be Adj. v. Stephenson who resigns the Adj. only. 29th Foot—Ensign William Septimus Simmons to be Lieutenant, without purchase, vice Henderson deceased; Ensign Charles Hugh Levinge to be Lieutenant, by purchase, v. Simmons, whose prom. by pur. has been cancelled; G. H. Nevill, Gnt. to be ensign, without purchase, vice Levinge, prom. 56th Foot—Capt. J. J. Bull, from 57th Foot, to be Capt. vice Warre, appointed to 57th Foot. 57th Foot—Capt. A. J. Warre from 56th Ft. to be Capt. v. Bull, app. to the 56th Ft. 61st Ft.—Lt. J. H. Hort to be Capt. by pur. v. Bricdale, whose prom. has been can. 62d Ft.—Ens. G. J. Ambrose to be Lt. without pur. v. Harrison, dec. 61st Ft.—Colr.-Sgt. J. Anderson to be Ens., without pur. v. Breddon, prom., 4th Ft.—Lt. J. W. De Butts to be Capt. by pur. v. de Saumarez, who ret.; Ens. J. Jago to be Lt. by pur. v. De Butts; C. T. Lindow, Gent. to be Ens., by pur. v. Jago. 88th Ft.—Ens. T. Gore to be Lt. by pur. v. Lucas, who ret.; J. Wray, Gent. to be Ens. by pur. v. Gore. 91st Ft.—Ens. J. T. Bethune to be Lt. by pur. v. Paton, who rets.; H. Veitch, Gent. to be Ens. by pur. v. Bethune.—94th Ft.: Lt. G. N. Bredin, from the 95th Ft. to be Lt. v. G. D. Cleveland, who exchs.—95th Ft.: Lt. G. D. Cleveland, from the 94th Ft. to be Lt. v. Bredin who exchs. 5d West India Regiment—M S Eaton, Gent. to be Ens without pur v. Shower, dec.—Brevet—Capt W Robinson, of the Royal Engineers, to be Maj in the Army.—Erratum in the Gazette of the 29th Dec.—For Ens R G Brackenbury to be Lt by pur v "Bricdale," prom read, v "Hort," prom.

Memorandum.—Lt. G. L. Proby, of 43d Ft. has been superceded, having absented himself without leave. The Christian names of Ens. Berry of the 9th Ft. are Edward 'King,' not 'Ringe,' as previously stated. The Christian names of Ens. Bertram, of the 41st Ft. are Chas. 'Pelgue,' and not Chas. 'Palue,' as previously stated.

OFFICE OF ORDNANCE.—Feb. 23.—Royal Regt. of Arty.—First Lt. F. C. Lyle to be Sec. Capt., v. Morrit, dec.; Sec. Lieut. E. J. Carthew to be First Lieut. vice Lyle.

FROM THE ARMY.

We have again stirring and important news from the army under Gen. Taylor. It reached New Orleans on the evening of Friday, the 12th, by the schooner *Cinderella*, Capt. Scull, which left Brazos, Santiago, on the 5th. Previous advices, it will be remembered, stated that on the 7th of Feb. Santa Anna was at Matehula, and that two or three days after, he advanced to El Cedral, which is about 65 miles from San Luis and nearly half way to Saltillo. At that time he had with him, including the force he was said to have sent forward towards Monterey, 21,340 men, including 6,000 cavalry, and 22 guns. Besides this, Gens. Minon and Urrera, who were also near him, had above 5,000 men under their command. Gen. Taylor, at last accounts, was at Agua Nueva, 20 miles beyond Saltillo, and therefore within 50 miles of Santa Anna, where he intended to remain till April 1st. He had with him 5,000 troops, all volunteers, though of a good class, and well drilled. It was also said, that Santa Anna was making demonstrations towards Saltillo; but it was variously supposed that this was a *feint*, masking designs upon Monterey, Vera Cruz, or the posts on the Rio Grande.

The news brought by the *Cinderella* is, that on the 22d of Feb. Santa Anna advanced and attacked Gen. Taylor at Agua Nueva and compelled him to fall

back to Saltillo, where a bloody conflict ensued, the Mexicans sustaining the heaviest loss, but compelling Taylor again to retreat to the pass of the Rinconada, where he was again attacked, but maintained his position. The evidence on which this news rests is as follows:—

From the Matamoras Flag of March 3d.

Our town has been thrown into the most intense excitement by the reports constantly reaching here relative to the perilous situation of Gen. Taylor's division of the army. They are so vague and confused that we hardly know how to commence an abstract even. That a battle had been fought, no one here can doubt, or how it has resulted, or what dangers impend on the line of the Rio Grande, is enveloped in the most perplexing uncertainty. We give, however, what seems to be the best authenticated statement received here from the seat of hostilities.

Gen. Taylor, while at Agua Nueva, 22 miles from Saltillo, with 5,000 men, was attacked on the 22d ult. by a Mexican force of 15,000. Finding he could not maintain his position, he made good his retreat to Saltillo, covering his wagon train. Here a severe engagement took place in the streets, in which the Mexicans suffered a heavy loss. After destroying what of the public stores he could not transport, he continued his retrograde movement on Monterey, until he reached the Rinconada pass, where he was again attacked, but successfully defended himself. Here all the rumors, reports, and letters leave him.

Once in Monterey, and he would be safe, but his ability to accomplish this much was altogether problematical, as the Mexicans were swarming in every direction. A Mexican in Camargo, under date of the 25th ult. writes to his friend in this place:

"Three expresses to-day from Monterey; fighting in Saltillo; Marian in Mexican possession; large trains of wagons, 126, and 180 private mules taken; McCulloch's company taken; 8,000 cavalry this side the mountains, and things in general turned upside down."

From another source we learn that Col. Morgan had abandoned Cerralvo, destroyed all property he could not take with him; that a courier from Monterey reported at Camargo, 15,000 Mexicans between the two places, and that 8,000 more were in the neighborhood of Victoria.

This much we cull from the mass of reports before us, without vouching for its correctness. The destination of several boats has been changed within the last few days on reaching this place, and one (the Troy) held in reserve at Camargo to convey despatches. All the wagon trains for other places had been stopped here, and every one is on the *qui vive*.

The following is from the *N. O. Commercial Times* of the 13th:—

Brazos Santiago, morning March 5th 1847.

In transmitting you the enclosed article for your valuable paper, I only design to lay before you such intelligence as we have here at present, and which I have tried to reduce to such a shape as will enable us to judge of the truth of the various reports that are now circulating in this region, and which will doubtless reach your city.

The substance of the enclosed is more generally believed than I could wish. I wrote it out from a desire to detect 'Madam Rumor' in the prevarication of her thousand tongues. I only hold myself responsible for its veracity, so far as it is a faithful record of what is circulated here, and what many believe.

I am your obedient servant, JNO. G. TOD.

Asst. Qr. Master Gen. Dept. Texas.

Brazos Santiago, night of 4th March.

Great anxiety has prevailed at this place for these two days past, to receive intelligence from the army. Nothing official has come to hand, but various rumors have arrived, leaving a great mystery as to the true condition of General Taylor and his forces, than has occurred at any other period during the war. The country, above is, doubtless, swarmed with Mexican troops, cutting off all communication with our lower depots. The rancheros and others are flocking to the Mexican standard.

The following intelligence has just arrived here, and I make a memorandum of the conversation of the individual, for it is verbal, and brought from a source that I believe will prove true, when it is perfectly analysed by information which we must doubtless shortly receive.

The battle commenced on the night of the 23d, near Saltillo. It continued for two days. The Mexicans had no artillery, their force being composed alone of cavalry and infantry, numbering twenty thousand men, with a division of six thousand men in their rear, Santa Anna commanding in person.

General Taylor's force numbered, when the battle commenced, near five thousand men, composed of Infantry, Dragoons, and eighteen pieces of Light Artillery, and was making his retreat to Monterey. He has lost about two thousand men. The Mexican loss is about four thousand five hundred. General Taylor was in hopes that he would be able to retain his position, which is about three miles from Saltillo, at a Mill Pond, where he possesses some natural defences.

Gen. Marshall had set out from Monterey with a large escort, carrying forty wagons of ammunition and two 18-pounders. It is generally believed that he will be able to join Gen. Taylor in time to afford relief.

The general opinion amongst the Mexicans at Camargo and Matamoras, as expressed, indicates that Santa Anna has been badly whipped.

Col. Morgan was mortally wounded, and his command entirely cut up at Cerralvo, and other points along the line of observation, extending from the latter place to Mier.

[I am in hopes that it will be found he was only slightly wounded and his command dispersed.]

A train of one hundred and twenty wagons had been captured by the Mexicans. They murdered all the teamsters, and the escort of twenty five men. They have also captured a train of sixty wagons, though nothing definite as to the disposal of teamsters and escort. They have also captured a hundred pack mules loaded with Sutler's goods.

Gen. Urea is marching on to attack Matamoras, with about four thousand men.

The following letter is from the *Times* (second edition) of the 13th:—it contains important additional testimony:—

Matamoras, March 1st, 1847.

This city was thrown into the greatest consternation this morning, by the arrival of the steamer Aid, with letters from Camargo and Monterey, stating that Gen. Taylor had been attacked by Santa Anna at the head of 25,900 men at Saltillo. The Postscript informing us of the truth of the matter, was added to the letter by Capt. Montgomery, of the 7th, now Quartermaster at Monterey. The letter was dated the 22d Feb., the postscript the same day, which states that the fight commenced on the 22d of Feb., and that no further information could be had. There are between 7000 and 8000 men between Camargo and

Monterey, who have entirely cut off all communication between those two places. Gen. Urea is at Tarino, a town about 28 miles this side of Monterey, with 6,000 cavalry, and Canales has rancheros sufficient to make up the number. Gen. Taylor has issued orders that not less than one regiment shall attempt to leave Camargo on this route.

Col. Morgan's command (the second Ohio regiment) about 400 strong, left Cerralvo, where they were stationed, to join Gen. Taylor, after having burnt everything they could not take with them, and it is confidently believed that he and his whole command were either cut to pieces or taken prisoners. That gallant, chivalrous soul, Ben McCulloch, with his men, has been captured. He had not more than 28 men, all told.

I am sorry to state that a very worthy citizen of ours has been captured, at least it is presumed so, and with very good grounds, as two or three who went one day after him had been obliged to fall back on Camargo. Jesse D. Carr, Mr. Trenoweth, Mr. Grayson, Capt. McMullin, (a clerk of Mr. Carr's) formerly of McCulloch's Company of Rangers, having about 200 pack mules loaded with valuable goods, belonging to the before mentioned persons, and having goods belonging to Peter Haile, of Matamoras, and Messrs. Mather Glover & Co, no doubt have been taken; nothing has been seen or heard of them. Mr. Sprague, a clerk for S.A. Belden Esq., and John R. Baker, sutler to the first Regiment of Ky. Volunteers, started the same day after the first named party, and had been compelled to fall back to Mier, and there await until the troops there stationed should be ordered to Camargo.

This is all the fault of General Scott for having taken away the regular forces from that part of the country. Should General Taylor be able to fall back on Monterey he can then hold out until reinforcements reach him, as they have some sixty days rations at that point. But I am afraid he is in a critical position; having nothing but volunteers with him, he cannot have that confidence which he would have, had not that immortal man, General W. Scott taken away from him the whole of his most effective force. But old Rough and Ready has determined to conquer or die. Santa Anna sent him a summons to surrender. "Tell Santa Anna," says the old man, "to come and take me." I have conversed with officers of the army here, who think that Gen. Taylor might be able to fall back on Monterey. He has some 4000 volunteers with him, and I think they will fight to the last. Col. Curtis is stationed at Camargo, which is hourly threatened with attack. Some 700 of the Virginia regiment passed through this place three days ago on their way to join General Taylor. Should the General even fall back on Monterey, he will still have a large body of men between him and Camargo, who can, and no doubt will take the place, and then down on Matamoras, cutting off Gen. Taylor's supplies entirely. Every person is on the alert. The Mexicans say that the army will take this place in a very short time. Several of the better class of the population are preparing to move to the other side of the river, in case the place should be recaptured, as they know they would be killed by their own people immediately. You will find this letter very disjointed in its details, but you may depend on the correctness of every part of it, as I have received it from high military authority. Yours truly.

The U. S. schooner Arispe, Capt. West, arrived at New Orleans on the afternoon of March 13th, having left the mouth of the Rio Grande on the 6th. Dr. Jarvis, of the army, came passenger, in her, having left Camargo, on the 2d. He has furnished to the "N. O. Picayune" the following memorandum of events of which he was personally cognizant. We copy it full:—

MEMORANDA OF DR. JARVIS.

Left Monterey on the morning of the 3d of February for Matamoras. At that time no apprehension or expectation of the approach of Santa Anna towards Saltillo was entertained, either by us or the Mexicans so far as we could learn from the latter. A large force of cavalry was known however, to be in front of Gen. Taylor, which of course was made known, by their capture of the detachment of Arkansas and Kentucky cavalry advanced beyond San Incarnacion. The force of cavalry on this side of the Sierra Madra under command of Gen. Urea, estimated at from six to eight thousand, was said to be at Victoria, and part as far towards Monterey, as Mont. Morales, when I left the former place. They were, in fact, in Victoria at the time our troops marched to that place in January last and retreated to Tula as an advance brigade under Gen. Quitman entered the town. They were supposed to be acting as a corps of observation and a behalf was entertained that they would seize the first favorable opportunity to strike on our line of communication between Camargo and Monterey and capture such trains as should happen to be on the road at the time. Gen. Taylor must have apprehended some intentions of this kind, for on my arrival at Matamoras I found them fortifying the plaza of that place in consequence of orders just received from Gen. Taylor to guard against the sudden attack of the whole or part of this force.

I left Camargo on the morning of the 26th February to return to Monterey in company with a train of 70 wagons laden with supplies and escorted by a company of Kentucky cavalry, under command of Capt. T. F. Marshall, and a detachment of 20 men belonging to the 2d Dragoons. We had not proceeded five miles when an order arrived for our return in consequence of instructions just received by express, which passed us on the road, directed to the quarter master at Camargo from the quarter master at Monterey, which were received from Col. Whiting, assistant quarter master general at the headquarters of Gen. Taylor, directing, for the future, that all trains be stopped, as certain information had been received that a large force of the enemy's cavalry, say four or five thousand, was in or near China, and that Caldereyta was already occupied by them. These last particulars are contained in a hasty note from the quarter master at Monterey, dated February 23d, and terminating it with the remark "look out." With Col. Whiting's instructions also came the order of Gen. Taylor dated Agua Nueva, February 21, the last one received up to the time of my leaving Camargo, March 2d. This order is doubtless the despatch of Gen. Taylor calling for reinforcements, alluded to by Capt. Montgomery, in his note, as mentioned to him by Col. Whiting.

On the morning of the 27th another express arrived at Camargo from the quartermaster at Monterey, stating, in a note, that he had sent one off the day before, but apprehended that he may have been cut off, and as he understood from Col. Whiting, that there were important despatches from Gen. Taylor calling for reinforcements, he had sent another to advise of this fact.

About 2 o'clock the same day another express arrived with a note from the same officer, dated Monterey, 11 o'clock A. M., February 23d, saying an express had just arrived from Saltillo bringing information that Santa Anna sent a summons to Gen. Taylor demanding his surrender. The general told him to come and take him. Santa Anna stated that he had twenty thousand men, and that if Taylor did not surrender he would cut him to pieces. The note concludes; "The express which left after night says that Taylor was giving the Mexicans hell."

This may be considered the last official communication received, all the subsequent information being derived from the Mexicans. I might here remark that a note was received from the Postmaster at Monterey, at the same time with the last communication of Capt. Montgomery, which gives the additional particulars that Gen. Taylor had fallen back from Agua Nueva to Saltillo, which I should infer also from the notes of Capt. M., although he does not distinctly state so. The Mexicans say he lost six pieces of cannon at the former place. He moreover states that Gen. Marshall had gone to the pass of Los Muertos with a view of fortifying it, and large quantities of ammunition had been despatched from Monterey to Saltillo.

The detachments of the 3d Ohio Regiment, under Col. Morgan and Lieut. Col. Irving—the former having seven companies at Cerralvo, and the latter three at Marin—it was greatly feared at Camargo had been cut off by a large force of 3000 men, who are said to have occupied the latter place on the afternoon of the 23d. Lieut. Col. Irving, in obedience to general order No. 11, is said to have left Marin on the morning of the same day it was occupied by the enemy, marching towards Cerralvo, with a view of forming a junction with Col. Morgan and then proceeding to Monterey. Col. Morgan left Cerralvo on the 24th, having destroyed, in obedience to the endorsement on the same general order, all such provisions and supplies as he could not carry with him. He must of consequence have encountered the enemy in his route, as they had already, as we have seen above, occupied in force Marin, lying between him and Monterey.

Moreover, a train of 120 wagons, which left Camargo about the 16th or 17th, laden with provisions, clothing, &c., is said to have been attacked on the 24th, at or near Ramos, lying between Cerralvo and Marin, and with the escort captured. This intelligence was brought in by an American or Mexican mule driver, who was with the train and escaped at the time of its capture. He says the Mexicans charged at the same time both the front and rear of the train. After the firing, which was of short duration, ceased, he cautiously ventured from out of the chaparral, with a view of finding some of his comrades. He discovered the Mexicans busily engaged in unharnessing the mules from the wagons, and seeing none of his own party made his way back, carefully avoiding the road to Camargo.

A hundred Mexican stories were in circulation at Camargo when I left in reference to the battle going on between Gen. Taylor and Santa Anna. They say it had already continued three days with considerable loss on our side, but much greater on that of the Mexicans. Subsequent accounts represent Gen. T. as having fallen back on Monterey. The day I left Camargo a letter was received from the alcalde of Meir saying that the Mexican troops had entered that town, twenty-four miles distant from the former place, and had made him prisoner in consequence of his endeavouring to secrete stores left behind in his charge when Lieut. Col. McCook evacuated the place. Col. Curtis intended to march with his regiment for Monterey the moment Col. Drake, with the 3d Indiana Regiment, arrived from Matamoras to relieve him. The latter officer was awaiting the arrival of the Mississippi regiment, which I met on the river a short distance below Matamoras on its way up. This regiment and six companies of the Virginia regiment, under Lieut. Col. Randolph, which arrived at Camargo the day I left that place, are the only volunteer regiments arrived on the Rio Grande, all the other regiments that had arrived having been sent to Lobos.

From what source Gen. Taylor is to expect relief it is impossible to say. Every soldier, and in fact double and thrice the number that now constitute the garrisons at the different posts, are actually necessary for their defence, and not one can be spared. Information can hardly reach Gen. Scott in time for him to march a division to his relief.

THE CALL FOR VOLUNTEERS.

[From the New Orleans Picayune, March 15.]

Headquarters, Camargo, March 2, 1847.

Sir,—I send an officer to Headquarters, at Washington, making a requisition on the President of the United States for fifty thousand six months volunteers. All communication has for several days been cut off between this place and the army above, and I see no adequate relief this side of New Orleans. I request you, therefore, to call out ten thousand men of this character of troops, and I anticipate they will be recognized under the call of the President.

As fast as any considerable force can be accumulated, let them be forwarded to Brazos Santiago. All troops, as far as practicable, should be armed before leaving the United States, and the officers commanding companies should take in charge ammunition enough to distribute, in case of emergency, forty rounds at least.—Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

SAMUEL R. CURTIS, Col. Com'g.

To the Governor of Louisiana.

We extract the following from the Picayune of the 16th:—

There was a report in circulation, brought by a passenger, that a letter was received at Matamoras from an officer of the army at Camargo, to the effect that Urrea had got between Monterey and the Rinconada with 6,000 cavalry, thus cutting off General Taylor's retreat upon that pass. How this information was conveyed to Camargo, we were unable to learn. The same authority reports more positively the loss of Col. Morgan's detachment of Ohio volunteers; but perhaps upon no better foundation than what has been before known.

As good an idea of the prevailing feeling in Camargo, can be obtained from the requisition of Col. Curtis, as from all the reports that have reached us. That document would lead us to suppose the valley of the Rio Grande to be in great danger, and the officer who penned it to be very sensible of the fact. If one half of the fifty thousand men Col. Curtis requires of the President are wanted immediately, we fear there will be wailing in these States before the May apple blossoms. But as we before remarked, we count nothing as adding to what has been known for several days that does not come direct from Gen. Taylor's camp. The most ominous anticipations we entertain respecting the safety of the American army are derived from Capt. Henrie, who thinks that if a battle has been fought by Santa Anna in force, the chances are many to one that he has proved victorious.

Capt. H. is not a man to be alarmed at trifles, and his opinion somewhat dashed the confidence we entertained in the result of the reputed collision. Capt. Henrie, however, did not leave Saltillo on the 23d of last month, as has been said. He left Gen. Taylor before that time, and brings nothing to confirm or contradict the accounts of battles which have been so rife of late. The great length of time that has elapsed since Gen. Taylor was last heard from is not a favorable sign in these times, when so much is left to speculation and conjecture.

The Latest Official Accounts from the Army.—The painful anxiety which now pervades the public mind in regard to the situation of General Taylor's army, has induced us to apply to the War Department for the latest authentic

information on the subject. We have been furnished with the two following despatches the last received from General Taylor, and we now lay them before our readers:—Union.

Headquarters Army of Occupation.

Agua Nueva, 18 miles South of Saltillo,—Feb. 7, 1847.

Sir: I changed my headquarters to this place on the 5th instant, bringing forward, in the first instance Lieutenant Colonel May's squadron of Dragoons, two batteries, (Sherman's and Bragg's) and the regiment of Mississippi riflemen. Yesterday the second Kentucky and second and third Indiana regiments came up, and will be joined in a day or two by the other troops in and near Saltillo, except the small garrison of seven companies left in that town.

Although advised by Major General Scott to evacuate Saltillo, I am confirmed in my purpose of holding not only that point, but this position in front. Not to speak of the pernicious moral effect upon volunteer troops of falling back from points which we have gained, there are powerful military reasons for occupying this extremity of the pass rather than the other. The scarcity of water and supplies for a long distance in front compels the enemy either to risk an engagement in the field, or to hold himself aloof from us; while, if we fell back on Monterey, he could establish himself strongly at Saltillo, and be in a position to annoy more effectively our flanks and our communications.

I have no intelligence from the interior more recent than heretofore communicated. There is understood to be no considerable force in our front, nor is it likely that any serious demonstration will be made in this direction. The frequent alarms since the middle of December, seem to have been without substantial foundation. I am happy to add the population of Saltillo, is fast returning to the city. Under the judicious management of Maj. Warren, a discreet officer of the Illinois volunteers, who commands in the town, it is hoped that the people may remain quietly in their homes.

I am, sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant, Z. TAYLOR.

Headquarters, Army of Occupation, Agua Nueva, Feb. 14, 1847.

Sir: Since my last despatch of Feb. 7th, the occupation of this position has been completed by the arrival of Brig. Gen. Wool, with the remaining corps left in the rear. The troops are now conveniently encamped, and can readily take up excellent defensive positions when necessary. Everything is quiet in and about Saltillo.

I am urging supplies forward as rapidly as practicable from the rear, and from the direction of Parras; for if joined by a sufficient force of the new regiments, I wish to be able to take advantage of any opportunity that may offer to create a diversion in favor of Maj. Gen. Scott's operations. Of those new regiments, none have yet been reported to me, nor do I know how many I may calculate upon for service in this quarter.

I can communicate no very recent intelligence from the interior. Up to the 26th of January, the Mexican Congress had done nothing to supply the wants of the army, which had received nothing for January, and but half the necessary funds for December. Rumors reached our camp from time to time of the projected advance of the Mexican force upon this position, but I think such a movement improbable. The command is held at all times in readiness for the enemy.

I am, sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant, Z. TAYLOR.

DIED.—On Thursday, the 18th inst., Mrs. ARGELINA GOODRICH, wife of G. A. Goodrich, in the 37th year of her age.

Exchange at New York on London, at 60 days, 4 s — per cent. prem.

THE ANGLO AMERICAN.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 27, 1847.

The Hibernia arrived at Boston last Saturday night, bringing news from the other side of the Atlantic of the date of the 4th inst. There was nothing of any serious importance in the intelligence brought.

There is no doubt that the man who has so long and severely kept Ireland and consequently the British Empire in a ferment, is now at the close of his political career, and by all accounts, his mortal one is very near also. He is now helpless, powerless, but he has the gratification of perceiving at his latter hours he has not altogether lost the esteem and admiration which a whole world, and even his antagonists, feel towards him; for even now, the temporary home he has in London is filled with inquiries of all parties, nations, ages, as to the condition of his health; and we have respect for the consistency of his sentiments, although, at this moment, our only drawback of esteem for the man, is, and was that his hands are not, and have not been carefully kept clean. If he be pure as a gentleman, a landlord as it were, a raised-up protector of the poor under his influence, what must be his feelings at the present juncture, when he perceives the little help which the Irish landlords either can, or are willing to stretch forth to their fellow-countrymen at this juncture of national distress, and how eagerly are they endeavouring to be themselves participators of the national bounty, which, through their hands are to keep the operative hands in work? They are to be the real advantage makers, if they even lay the money out as presumed by Parliament in the grant of eight millions in the way of loan to them. The landlords of Ireland are at present like dogs who have given up the protection of the sheep, and who are inclined to eat up all they can digest of the food which is forwarded for the sustenance of the latter.

The lovers of "the wisdom of our ancestors" will be utterly astounded when they perceive that not only are the navigation laws, which they thought untouchable even by a bold hand, not only set aside without scruple when they are found to be in the way, but that a committee is gravely to sit to examine into their operation and consequences; now this was done without any trouble, and it forebodes a setting of them aside altogether, or a very great amendment of them. Of course the Free Trade principle is morally their underminer and the general feeling their battering ram; and this, instead of losing, or jeopardizing the British Possession of the northern provinces in North America will most naturally tend to cherish them as British Dominion; for on their removal every trader, merchant, and speculator will be at liberty to turn himself to the best advantage, and to have the benefit at the same time of English

protection. We recommend to our readers the summary of the debate in the British House of Commons, which took place on the 9th February, and which will be found in our columns to-day.

Lord George Bentinck, aided by the Railroad King, Hudson, has been trying to bring a bill through parliament under the idea (probably a genuine one) of doing good to the people, by expending £16,000,000 in making rail-roads, but it was thrown out in discussion that not more than one fourth of that sum would pass into the hands of the suffering people, and the project was disposed of in the Commons, at the second reading, by a majority against the bill of nearly three to one. But the Budget has been of a most flattering nature, and instead of the British people being weighed down with care and anxiety, notwithstanding the present distress, they are alert, able, and willing to add to their hitherto liberal helps.

We regret to see by the English papers that, although there is an apparently great desire to promote the cause of national education, yet there is really a greater care and jealousy which each religious denomination has, lest the regulations should harin their own position, or give any advantage to the other. There will always be this difficulty where there is a State religion, and therefore religious education will always be the stumbling block, when educational legislation shall be on the tapis in a Parliament, of the present constitution; therefore, and therefore only, let religious instruction be under the charge of parents, guardians, and pastors, and let not the general work of moral and scientific education be longer hindered. One is almost led to believe that the struggling parties are not so greatly in earnest respecting the ostensible object as upon the political consequences. *Hateful conclusion!* But why should we wonder at comparatively small people mixing on this ground, when we see the heads of Colleges—those *seats*, as they are called, of learning,—and the highest of the aristocracy of the land mixed up in a similar spirit.

The reason why Lord George Bentinck's railway scheme in Ireland was so early and so completely knocked on the head in Parliament is well explained in the London Spectator, and we cannot do better than give the following account of the matter as it stands in that paper—

"Lord George Bentinck's Irish railway scheme has come to its anticipated end, and the 'Country party' has mustered its forces only to display its weakness. The bill was thrown out at the second reading, after three nights' debate on that stage, by nearly three to one. In the meantime it had caused Ministers a good deal of trouble. Unworkable as the scheme proved to be upon examination, it was imposing from the tangible nature of its objects and the largeness of its financial incidents. It seemed to come thundering down upon the Cabinet with all the noise and weight of a railway train, dashing into their station; and their defences looked pitifully unsubstantial for the collision. But the collision was saved by the breaking down of the train. It was made out that the advance of sixteen millions by the Government would be very advantageous to railway shareholders,—nay, experience on that head thrust itself forward by anticipation, for Irish shares rose in value on the mere promulgation of the measure: no one doubts that railways would benefit Ireland: but the proof that was needed, and was not forthcoming, was, that the sixteen millions, or the bulk of it, would go to the destitute poor in the shape of wages. A large portion of railway expenditure is appropriated to the cost of labour; but there are two kinds of labour, skilled and unskilled: skilled labour is not ill paid in Ireland, even now; the destitution presses on the unskilled labourer; and the proportion of outlay devoted to unskilled labour is stated by Ministers, on probable grounds, at only 25 per cent. of the gross outlay. Government, therefore, would be spending four millions a year in order to give one million of wages to the really poor, and one million to the artisans of Ireland, who do not need such interposition; the rest going to shareholders, landowners, those who profit by Parliamentary expenses, and such classes, by no means to be reckoned among the destitute Irish. Sir Robert Peel, who supplied the omissions of the Ministers, further showed that similar interposition to encourage enterprise in Ireland has totally failed; and that the present scheme would enormously derange the national finances, already enough strained by the exigencies of the juncture. The scheme blew up. But Lord George Bentinck had no reason to be daunted. The Irish Members, many of them landowners, promised support; even those who disliked the project voting for it, in the blind wish for any expenditure in Ireland. The Whigs had shown a marked and indulgent encouragement of Lord John Russell's 'noble friend' Lord George; as if some lurking remains of fear on the score of Peel induced them to foster his sworn enemy. They had to pay for this by no small amount of trouble; which would have been saved if they had treated Lord George in a more summary way. The upshot is, that the 'Country party,' composed of all the extreme Old Tories and the mere discontented wails of the Conservative party, reinforced by the alien cohorts of 'the United Irishmen' could not muster more than a hundred and twenty strong; and Lord George falls back into his proper place, as a country gentleman and sportsman—of great energy and little scruple, with a memory for figures but no logic, much worldly shrewdness, but wanting in the higher qualities and acquirements essential to a real statesman or leader."

In our news columns we have, carefully as we could, given the authenticated articles, both from the seat of war in Mexico, and from Transatlantic papers, and we have endeavoured to keep clear of that which is no better than idle romance.

We have just received from a Scottish gentleman, a letter from Baltimore which in justice to our own character, being as far as possible faithful reporters, we here insert, and will add a few words thereon for the purpose of clearing our Editorial character, so that the blame may fall where it ought.

The letter is as follows, viz.

Baltimore, 10th March, 1847.

Dear Sir,—I observed in your valuable paper the proceedings of a Club instituted in honor of the immortal Bard of Scotland, with which his admirers here were much gratified. At the same time appeared in the Albion a different version of your President's Speech in which he asserts that he has the honor of being the first President of the first Club established in America.

Now this we Scotchmen here are not very willing to admit, and of our prior

claim we trust the inclosed document will be sufficient proof. We are at the same time in the belief that it originated in a little harmless vanity rather than ignorance, and it is somewhat mortifying to think that a Club formed for that purpose, and which has been in existence for nearly twenty years has yet never been heard of in Gotham, although its proceedings were once, at least, published in the Albion itself. But at the hazard of being deemed tedious allow me to inform you who really was the first President: it was Francis H. Davidge, at that time Editor of the Baltimore American, and I believe at present a resident of your City, and it may not be unworthy of note, a lineal descendant of the Royal Stuarts, his mother, Mary Stuart of Bower House in East Lothian, Scotland, being a descendant of the Earls of Galloway, now the sole male representatives of that unfortunate family (vide Collins Peerage). But of this my own ideas of equality by no means leads me to boast, and at the same time to hail you as co-workers in the same glorious cause, and which, I trust, will continue to flourish for years to come, but in order that it may do so you will find that you will have to adopt an exclusive system, and not allow every *roadie* who may chance to have a dollar to join you, which has been too much the case everywhere; and also Politics, as well as long tedious speeches. There is another subject I cannot forbear mentioning with the deepest regret—at almost all of the meetings which have come under my notice in honor of Burns in this country. There are three topics dwelt upon with peculiar zest,—his peasant birth,—his frailties,—and to crown the whole—his being starved to death by his country; these have constituted pretty much the stock in trade of our usual speechmakers. Why drag from the tomb those infirmities incident to poor human nature. Besides, his Edinburg edition netted him nine hundred pounds; did Milton, Shakespeare, Goldsmith, realize as much. I have pleasure in sending you a copy of our Burns Club Constitution, and should you be able to cull anything for your future guidance I shall be glad.

Now as we desire to be thought as faithful reporters, as the case will admit of, we will assure the Public that all the proceedings were given us by the Official Authorities themselves (although we were present at the dinner, and can attest to the truth of our generalities) and that when in type, by us, and the proofs had been read by those of the Officials alluded to, the latter took the copy away from our office to that of the Albion. The remark on the earliest presidency was said in private conversation, two or three times that night, but we do not recollect its being said publicly, and as to the Editor of the Albion (who was there also, and at the same table with us) not being aware whether the thing alluded to be an interpolation or not, we will exonerate him there, for during the whole of the speech, he was in full and apparently interesting conversation with his left-hand neighbour, consequently he could attend to but little of the president.

In all cases where we can we give, we assure the public, the authorized reports, and put only our own when we must. In future it is proper to premise when they are authoritative, when not, and "if not, why not?"

Music and Musical Intelligence.

Concert of Mrs. Ed. Loder and Mr. W. A. King.—This was the concert of two very excellent professors, the first of vocalism, the other of the piano-forte, and not otherwise associated than upon such an occasion. Their fame is well and most deservedly established; the lady was in the right in giving her sanction to the sort of programme which was the plan of the concert, and the gentleman, save in playing a solo, could have but small choice of a hopeful concert for a pianist. Mrs. E. Loder is decidedly a Mozart student and has well practised both his ways and the vocal music of his day, or thereabouts, as all the world knows, and she has done right in showing by this concert, that not only is her knowledge and experience of them classic and pure, but that she is equally at home in music, which she approves of only less than that of Handel, Mozart, Haydn, and Beethoven, for here we have that of the immortal Weber, in his "Oberon," and that of the deservedly celebrated Rossini in his "Barbiere de Seviglia." In the former, although she sang well and with taste, she had too little to do, and the nature of the Oberon, requires—actually requires—more orchestral accompaniments than it then received, and it was thus, the effect, to those who were familiar with the whole composition, was not pleasing. The notion of arranging such music as the overture "Oberon," for two pianos is almost an insult to the genius and memory of Weber, and playing it in public with the piano many yards apart, instead of combining the body of sound, killed the little effect that would otherwise have been produced, and was very ill-judged, though the playing was excellent as we need hardly say more, than, the pianos were under the hands of W. A. King and Timm. Between the parts of the Concert, Mr. King played on the piano forte the celebrated Prayer of Moses, of which Thalberg has done so much towards the immortality, and which almost all other pianists have ridden to death, till the public are tired of it: we wish he had chosen something else.

The second part pleased the audience much. All the audience were more or less acquainted therewith, and it was lively enough for the concert room. Mrs. Loder sang the part of Cinderella very well. Mr. Paige (whose tenor in the first part did not tell) sang the Prince in a very chaste, classic, and tasteful style. The attitude he takes is against him, but we infer, his physique is weak, and he is desirous of giving all the play possible to his chest. Shepherd's singing was quite delightful, he seems to have studied not only to find the spirit of the composition, but the utterance of the musical sentences with great effect, and we were glad when he was encored, for most richly he deserved the compliment; nor ought we to omit that Mr. J. S. Massett very well distinguished the deep, sound organ of bass in his voice, particularly in the huntsman's chorus part, when the prince is found asleep, and in the beautiful finale of the first act, where he leads the *sound* which tries the rolling of the tones.

But should this form of concerting be tried again—and it will may—care should be taken, either that there be less occasion for an orchestra, to make a necessary effect, or that an orchestra of other strength be provided. The only fault in Mrs. Loder's singing, although she has much experience, evident taste,

and delicacy, a good execution, and in everything, were she singing without instrumental accompaniment, would be of most bewitchingly delightful effect, is her being just below the key throughout, in whatever she sings. Our ear is painfully acute, and what some do not perceive, and others care not much about, is to us a task to bear. Mrs. Loder is not the only professional person that has this fault. One of the best tenors in London, Mr. Pyne, and who is (we believe) the vocal teacher at the Foulding Hospital there, who knows music well, was, after Bracham the most required at the London oratorios, and was long listened to with delight, after he left off public singing, was yet constantly below the pitch; and we well recollect that Caradori Allan was in the habit of singing above the pitch, although a soprano. We well recollect (for we were present) that her husband squabbled to have the organ in the Church of St. Peter's, Barclay Street, tuned a quarter of a note higher than the usual pitch, to suit Madame's voice, and was exceedingly angry when he could not carry his point.

The Italian Opera.—The Barber of Seville has been performed a few times, (including Saturday last, an extra night) but it has not been more than mediocre, the applause and the expressed admiration have not been very profuse. But is that quality of opera (buffo) of which the operatic strength is not composed, and which, though not always to be found, is the strength that will always take in England and in America. We cannot give unqualified praise to any one in this cast of the "Barbiere," though the opera has on the whole been liked rather than disliked. We have not very greatly admired Pico's "Una voce," the tenor of Patis' Almaviva, and his acting in the part have not been good, the Figaro of Benevanzano has never been more than passable, and the Doctor Bartolo of Sanquirico is the part travestied, and nowhere sung; like the Dulcamara in Donizetti's opera of "L'Elisir d'Amore," Sanquirico overdoes it. The Basilio of the "Barbiere" is far from a bad part, and in a proper artist's management, has many parts effective. We have seen Signor Porto make a point or two in it, in the Opera House at London, but now-a-days, and in New-York no artist or one calling himself an artist will take it, more is the pity, for there is something in the Basilio which we once saw brought out by Shepperd, when an English version was given of it at the Park Theatre a few years ago.

The company should be stronger than it is in buffo singers, and a few light operatic performances would be not only pleasing, aye, and meritorious in themselves, and would also, greatly relieve the heavy *opera seria* which is now the only supply, and the *maestri* as they are called, whose compositions are the fashion of the day, and whose works are very much alike, and no great things either. As for Donizetti, the world has had too much of his publications.

Professor U. C. Hill.—We have casually heard that Mr. U. C. Hill intends going to Europe this summer, and that his return is not settled. Surely the musical world that owes him so much, this city which owes him so very much, in the increase of musical taste, and in the gratification of which he has taken so lively an interest and so much labour in imparting, will not suffer that he depart without giving some public manifestation of the respect which is his due, and of the thanks which we think they will feel gratified to pay him. The musical taste of New York is very different from what it was a while ago, very different from what it was when he returned a few years ago from the European continent, and we know that his whole life and soul have been given to his profession since he came home to this city. The profession itself, we venture to say, is one unanimous echo to this opinion, and we hope that a meeting will be called, and a Musical Festival on a grand scale will be the result, in which the public sense of the professor's merits may be seen, and that the Festival itself, may be a memento to which Mr. Hill may at all times triumphantly point. He has ever, like Timm and some others, been ready and willing to do that kind of object for others. Let us see that he can, and will, meet with a return.

Concert at the Minerva Rooms.—This will take place on Monday. The principal vocalists on which occasion will be Miss M. J. Marius and Mr. Geo. A. Hart, both graduates of the New York Institution for the Blind. The subjects of the concert will be chiefly songs of a popular nature, and they well deserve patronage.

New Music.—The following have just been published by Mr. Van Gelder 268 Bowery,—

New York State March.—Music composed by O. J. Shaw. This is a pleasing and a grand composition in three flats, and is exceedingly attractive as a military piece, by the Ophicleide and the bugle parts, which are well introduced. We think this will become a favourite with good military bands.

The Ravel Polka.—Composed by Jas. C. Schupf, is pleasing and it has this title because it is danced by Mr. Henri (Wells, Junr.) and Madame Javelin (late Miss Wells), his sister, in graceful style. It is in natural key.

Hyacinth Waltz.—Composed by Sam'l. Jackson. Is pretty, in the key of F major.

The Drama.

Park Theatre.—The favourite tragedian, Mr. Forrest, is here. He is going through his usual rôle of great characters. He has Mr. Jamieson as his second, who plays well up to him, but the strength of the Park is not favorable to his cast of plays, and the house fills but moderately. There is some mistake in making his three nights per week the opera nights.

Bowery Theatre.—This theatre is at present playing the legitimate, and such a strength as it can exhibit in Julius Cæsar, is a proof of a good establishment. The houses—as indeed we have nearly always to say—fills well, and manager Jackson is attending well to the duty.

Olympic Theatre.—Miss Taylor is a great card here but she had better

endeavour to perform well than to overweigh others. It may be well enough if she fancies she has risen in her profession as she intends, but it is bad taste in her to introduce in her own dialogue the "hi hi," which has been too much her customary applause. It is not too late for her to make improvements in singing (not too loud) and in comic acting, so as to make herself a valuable acquisition in any theatre, and we pray her to try and become such, and leave "hi, hi" alone.

Literary Notices.

Professor Zumpt's School Latin Grammar.—Harpers.—A new work from the pen of the celebrated German linguist, and is designed as introductory to his larger Grammar. Dr. Anthon has given to the present volume a careful revision and added some very useful notes. The work is every way adapted to the use of junior classes in Latin, and, under the endorsement of two such distinguished names, it cannot fail to secure a favorable notice in Colleges and schools.

Harper's Illuminated Shakspeare.—The concluding issue of this splendid edition of the poet of the world, has at length reached us from the publishers:—"a consummation devoutly wished" by the numerous patrons of the work. There is no rival to this superb work, on this side the Atlantic, and it may be questioned whether its merits, of textual accuracy and pictorial beauty, are to be excelled elsewhere. Our friends ought, every one, to possess himself of a copy.

Russell's Juvenile Speaker, &c.—Harper & Brothers have just issued this new manual of instructions on the important art of elocution; a branch of education to a great degree, we believe, neglected in Academies. From an inspection of Mr. Russell's book, we are led to believe his mode of teaching is admirably adapted by the easy simplicity of his rules on declamation to inspire in the learner a desire for proficiency in the science. We therefore commend the work to the especial attention of teachers and students. Mr. R. has had experience in his subjects, being connected with Princeton, Rutgers, &c. Colleges, and consequently has devoted himself to this branch of scholastic training.

The Castle of Ehrenstein.—By G. P. R. James.—New York: Harpers.—This novel begins after James' fashion and the story is very well told after his manner. It is produced in the cheap manner of Harper's "Library of Select Novels" and is sure, indeed it is deserving, of a large and widely extensive sale.

The Genius of Scotland.—By Rev. G. Turnbull.—New York: Carter.—We know not how to praise this work in adequate terms. The reverend author seems at home in all the scenes he describes and his hand in writing and his heart in dictating, seem in unison with each other. He has touched an immense number of chords and has touched all well; that we admire the book may be inferred from the number of extracts we have made from it into our Journal, and we could not have done justice to some and leaving out the rest of the work without confessing it. Every Scotsman should possess himself of a copy, and many a hundred will follow the example.

Napoleon.—Parts 5 and 6.—By W. Hazlitt.—New York: Wiley & Putnam.—These are the finishing volumes of the work to which we have before alluded, and it no doubt was a labour of love to the author to write them. We need not repeat that they are well written, and that the biography is a complete one, but it is only too evident that the subject was a favorite one of the author. It is a very pleasant one however and very readable, and may well be set as another reading, against one which is opposed (professedly) against Napoleon.

The Book of the Feet.—By James Sparks Hall.—New York: Published by W. H. Graham, and by J. S. Redfield.—This pretty and entertaining work is well got up, ornamented very beautifully outside by an illuminated cover, and inside by a great many cuts of boots, shoes, &c. which illustrate the divers fashions of those articles; there are two or three biographies, also much to the point in the English Text, such as Bloomfield, G. Hord, Drew, Lackington, &c. And here our commendation must end and our displeasure break forth; for there have been added to the original which is the second edition of a book published in England, one or two insignificant additions of biographies, which do not at all illustrate the book, and a copyright has been taken out here. Is this fair, is it decent? Those who are inclined to use the book will never pirate the few autobiographies, and they have quite as much right as these publishers with the rest.

By the bye we lately saw this book eulogised in a New York weekly, and near it a great deal said about the piratical use made, in London, from a work of Peter Parley's. Now Peter Parley is a *nom de plume*,—is nobody, and consequently cannot have a copyright, therefore may be used and copied at any time, and it is well known that the English authors and publishers would let foreigners alone, if they were themselves treated likewise; but let all the world look how English publications are treated here. And even the Peter Parley himself turns English writings into simpler language when he is preparing his writings for the Rising generation.

The New York Illustrated Magazine, for April, 1847.—New York: Burgess Stringer & Co.—This excellent work is changed as to its publishing house, being that just named. There is also occasional reduction as to its number of engravings, it being the determination to give only such as are well executed. The present one is a good number, and well keeps up the character it had.

Several large ploughs, fitted to be drawn by elephants, have been shipped for India, where they will be used to till lands for growing canes.

Sharp Shooting.—The recent appointment of Hon. Caleb Cushing to the office of Colonel to the Massachusetts Regiment, reminds us of the epitaph which was written by Miss Gould, of Newburyport, which was intended as a hit on his ambition. It was one of a large number, embracing many of the citizens of Newburyport and vicinity. Miss Gould writes as follows:—

"Lay aside, all ye dead,
For in the next bed
Reposes the body of Cushing;
He has crowded his way
Through the world, as they say,
And now, though he's dead, may be pushing."
Mr. Cushing, however, returned the compliment, and replied as follows:—
"Here lies one whose wit
Without wounding could hit;
And green be the turf that's above her.
Having sent every beau
To the regions below,
She has gone down herself—for a lover."

Holiday for the English Language.—The Italian Opera House is open; the ballets have begun, and critics are now permitted to have any sport with the English language, talking at their own sweet will of the poetry of motion—the valse in the abstract—with the aesthetic tendency of the Poika, and the esoteric and exoteric influence of *entrechats*!

Smoke versus Steam.—A book has recently been published under the title of "The Steam-Engine Superseded." The engine by which this wonder is alleged to have been accomplished, is termed the "Pumific Impeller." We have not inspected this invention, but we believe we are justified in pronouncing it to be all smoke.

Don Miguel in London.—The *Times* speaks of a report of the arrival of Miguel in London, but does not in any way vouch for its accuracy. Neither do we: nevertheless, a circumstance has come to our knowledge which we print for the information of Lord Palmerston. Late last night, a Parcels Delivery cart was drawn up at the door of the *Morning Post*, and a parcel placed within it—a parcel marked "With care,—this side upwards." We may be wrong, but, from this description, we think the article was no other than the crown of Portugal, spoken of in our last, and sold to the Don. Our suspicions are strengthened by the fact that the cart drove to — Street, Camden Town, and the parcel was delivered at a small butcher's, "for the foreign gent as lived in the two-pair back."

IN A FEW DAYS WILL BE PUBLISHED

THE MILLER OF MARTIGNE.

A ROMANCE.—BY HENRY WILLIAM HERBERT.

Author of "The Roman Traitor," "Marmaduke Wyvil," "The Brothers," "Cromwell," &c.

NEW-YORK: PUBLISHED BY RICHARDS AND CO., 30 ANN STREET.

This is a work of surpassing interest and is quite equal if not superior to the "Roman Traitor" or "Marmaduke Wyvil." March 20.

NEARLY READY,

PIQUILLO ALLIAGA

OR THE

MOORS UNDER PHILIP THE THIRD OF SPAIN.

A Historical Romance from the French of

EUGENE SCRIBE.

March 20.

WARTON'S ERVALENTA.

CONSTIPATION (COSITIVENESS) DESTROYED.

"Obstinate, inveterate and habitual Constipation (Costiveness) not only totally overcome, but also completely destroyed without using either purgatives, injections or baths, by a natural, simple, agreeable and infallible means, recently discovered in France by M. Warton, 68 Rue Richelieu, Paris." Price 30 cents.

PERUSAL OF THIS TREATISE cannot fail to dispel all doubt in the mind of any reader of the genuine character and great importance of this discovery which has agitated France, England, and the Continent with its remarkable results. This great remedy is a light, palatable, and delicious FOOD called "Ervaleuta"—a Vegetable Farina—in some respects resembling Arrow-root.

The Treatise and Ervaleuta constantly on hand at the National Depot of Warton, of Paris, expressly established for their sale, at HENRY JOHNSON'S Drug and Chemical store, in the Granite Building, 273 Broadway, corner Chambers-st.

Purchasers must remember that there is no genuine Ervaleuta but Warton's. March 13-3m.

MAXIMILIAN RADER, 46 Chatham Street, N.Y., Dealer in imported Havana and Principe Segars in all their variety. **LEAF TOBACCO** for SEGAR Manufacturers, and Manufactured Tobacco constantly on hand. July 7-ly.

THE EXERCISE OF CRICKET.

Will be published, early in April next,

THE MANUAL OF CRICKET.

COMPRISING the Laws of the Game, some account of its history, and of the progressive improvements made therein. Directions and Instructions in the Practice and Play of this manly and athletic Exercise, and suggestions as to Variations and Applications of it, so as to afford satisfactory recreation to small numbers of players. The whole being intended as a complete Cricketer's Guide. With numerous Illustrations, Embellishments, and diagrams. By Alex. D. Paterson.

By way of appendix to this work, there will be added the body and everything important of "Felix on the Bat."

N. B.—Booksellers will be supplied on reasonable terms, by applying to the Author at the "Anglo-American" Office, New York.

TAPSCOTT'S GENERAL EMIGRATION, AND FOREIGN EXCHANGE OFFICE.

PASSAGE FROM, AND DRAFTS TO, ALL PARTS OF ENGLAND, IRELAND, SCOTLAND, AND WALES. Persons wishing to send for their friends, in any part of the Old Country, will find the subscriber's arrangements for 1847, most complete, and calculated in every way to ensure satisfaction to all who may make arrangements with them to bring their friends across the Atlantic. The subscribers are agents for

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In addition to the above splendid ships, the subscribers are also Agents for the ST. GEORGE'S AND THE UNION LINE OF LIVERPOOL PACKETS, composed in part of the following favourite and well-known ships, viz.: "The America," St. George, Empire, St. Patrick, Rippahannock, Marmion, Sea, &c. &c., which, together with the new line, make six ships per month, or one every five days, from Liverpool; thus preventing the possibility of delay at that port. Passage from any part of Ireland to Liverpool, can be secured at the lowest rates. Every information given by applying to

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THE TRUSTEES OF THE NEW YORK SOCIETY LIBRARY

Would direct the attention of the public to the following brief account of the present condition of this institution, and of the effort now making to increase its importance and usefulness.

The institution is now, in every respect, prosperous. It is free from financial embarrassment; its real estate, independent of its books, far exceeds in value the amount of its obligations; and its income provides for its current expenses, and for considerable annual additions to the Library. It has recently erected a noble library edifice in a central situation, on the principal street of the city, spacious enough for a library of more than a hundred thousand volumes. Its present library numbers forty thousand, generally well-selected volumes (many of which are rare and costly); it may therefore be said to have laid the foundation for a library of the first class, and such the trustees are determined to make it, if the public will foster it as the importance of the object deserves.

Attached to the library is a convenient and commodious reading room, well supplied with the home and foreign journals and newspapers, which offers every accommodation, both for quiet reading and a rapid glance at the news of the day. One of the objects now in view is to transfer this department of the library to the first floor of the building, to render it more accessible to persons whose time is limited, and to extend the library proper over the whole of the second floor.

The institution is not, as many have supposed, an exclusive one. Any person of fair character may become a member of it on application to the librarian, and enjoy its privileges by paying twenty-five dollars, the price of a share, and an annual assessment of six dollars; the latter may be commuted at any time by the payment of seventy-five dollars.

This is the condition and character of the institution, in whose benefit the public are now invited to participate, and for whose advancement their co-operation is solicited. It is hoped that every friend to the moral and intellectual improvement of our city, every parent who would furnish various and valuable reading to his children, every one who seeks an occasional retreat from the toils and tumults of business, in a word, every one who knows the value of a great library in a great metropolis, and is not now a member of this institution, will immediately become one, and that those who are already members of it will lend their active and efficient aid in raising it to the rank which the trustees are now aiming to give it. If this is done, the trustees pledge themselves to the public that nothing shall be wanting on their part to carry out this great object, and enable the institution to attain a character and present an aspect of extent and importance that will make it the boast and honor of the commercial metropolis of the Union.

Feb. 13-1f.

LAW AGENCY.

IN ENGLAND, IRELAND, SCOTLAND, AND WALES.

THOMAS WARNER, 18 City Hall-place New York City, Attorney and Counsellor at Law and Solicitor in Chancery &c. &c., begs to inform Europeans, their descendants, and others interested in business in Europe, that he will attend to any matters that may be intrusted to him relating to property, estates, debts &c. or to any legal business, necessary to be transacted in England, Ireland, Scotland, or Wales.

Arrangements of an extensive and peculiar kind just completed by T. W. will ensure that the business with which he may be favoured, will be conducted with energy and despatch in all the principal towns of the United Kingdom.

Thomas Warner has been honored by the permission of the following eminent and distinguished gentlemen to refer to them as to his character and responsibility.

Anthony Barclay, Esq. British Consul &c. New York City; The Hon W. H. Seward, ex-Governor of the State of New York; The Honourable John W. Edmunds, Circuit Judge of the first Circuit &c. New York City; Honourable A. H. Mickle, Mayor of the City of New York; Honourable F. A. Talmadge, ex-Recorder of New York and member of Congress elect; George W. Matsell, Esq. Chief of Police of the City of New York; Messrs. Jessop & Son, Steel manufacturers, New York, and Sheffield, England.

Jan. 23-3m.

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Scrofula or King's Evil, Rheumatism, Obstinate Cutaneous Eruptions, Pimples or Pustules on the Face, Blotches, Biles, Chronic Sore Eyes, Ringworm or Tetter, Scald Head, Enlargement and Pain of the Bones and Joints, Stubborn Ulcers, Syphilitic Symptoms, Sciatica or Lumbago, and Ascites or Dropsy. Also, Chronic Constitutional Disorders.

The value of this preparation is now widely known, and every day the field of its usefulness is extending. It is approved and highly recommended by Physicians, and is admitted to be the most powerful and searching preparation from the root that has ever been employed in medical practice. It is highly concentrated for convenience and portability, containing nothing but the expressed essence, and is the representative of the *Sarsaparilla Root*, in the same manner as Quinine is of Peruvian bark, or Morphine of Opium. It is an established fact a few grains of either Quinine or Morphine contain all the medicinal value of a large quantity of the crude substances; hence the superiority of these preparations—and no invalid would desire to drink a gallon mixture, when a half pint contained the same medicinal value. The *Sarsaparilla* can be diluted when taken agreeable to the directions, and made to suit the taste of the patient.

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Messrs. Sands—Gentlemen: Exposed as we are to the attacks of disease, and so frequently disappointed in proposed remedies, we cannot but look upon the efforts of successful practitioners with interest and gratitude. This is true respecting your valuable preparation of *Sarsaparilla*. I have been severely afflicted for 33 years with a disease, about which "Doctors disagreed," and their prescriptions were still more diverse. I tried various remedies but found no relief until I commenced using your excellent medicine, at which time I was wholly cured. Being personally acquainted with the above statements, I hereby certify that the same are true.

JOHN M. NORRIS.

Further Testimony.—The following is an extract from a letter received from Rev. Wm. Galusha:—

Berkshire, Vt., Oct. 22, 1846.

Messrs. Sands: I have been afflicted with a severe pain in my side, occasioned by a diseased liver, for the last twenty years; suffering at times what language cannot convey, but since taking your *Sarsaparilla* I have been greatly relieved, so much so that I have been able to attend to my business, and preach occasionally for the last fifteen months. I wholly discarded all other medicine, and thoroughly tried the *Sarsaparilla*, which I can recommend in truth and sincerity to all those who are in any way afflicted with any species of scrofulous complaints. There have been some remarkable cures effected by its use in this vicinity. Mrs. I. Shaw, by the use of six bottles, was restored to better health than she had before enjoyed for ten years, and Mrs. W. Stevens, who had been severely afflicted with Erysipelas, was entirely cured by the use of a few bottles.—Yours, truly,

WM. GALUSHA.

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New-York, 8th Jan. 1847. Jan. 16th.

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John R. Skiddy,	James C. Luce,	Ap. 11, Aug. 11, Dec. 11.	May 26, Sept. 26, Jan. 26.
Stephen Whitney,	C. W. Popham,	May 11, Sept. 11, Jan. 11.	June 26, Oct. 26, Feb. 26.
Virginiaan,	F. F. Allen,	June 11, Oct. 11, Feb. 11.	July 26, Nov. 26, Mar. 26.

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Patrick Henry,	J. C. Delano,	Feb. 6, June 6, Oct. 6.	Mar. 21, July 21, Nov. 21.
Independence,	F. P. Allen,	Mar. 6, July 6, Nov. 6.	Apr. 21, Aug. 21, Dec. 21.
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Northumberland,	R. H. Griswold,	10, 10, 10.	Mar. 1, July 1, Nov. 1.
Gladiator,	R. L. Bunting,	20, 20, 20.	10, 10, 10.
Mediator,	J. M. Chadwick,	Feb. 1, June 1, Oct. 1.	20, 20, 20.
Switzerland,	E. Knight,	10, 10, 10.	Apr. 1, Aug. 1, Dec. 1.
Quebec,	F. B. Hebard,	20, 20, 20.	10, 10, 10.
Victoria,	E. E. Morgan,	Mar. 1, July 1, Nov. 1.	20, 20, 20.
Wellington,	D. Chadwick,	10, 10, 10.	May 1, Sept. 1, Jan. 1.
Hendrick Hudson,	G. Moore,	20, 20, 20.	10, 10, 10.
Prince Albert,	W. S. Sebor,	April 1, Aug. 1, Dec. 1.	20, 20, 20.
Toronto,	E. G. Tinker,	10, 10, 10.	June 1, Oct. 1, Feb. 1.
Westminster,	Hovey,	20, 20, 20.	10, 10, 10.

These ships are all of the first class, and are commanded by able and experienced navigators! Great care will be taken that the beds, wines, stores, &c., are of the best description.

The price of Cabin passage is now fixed at \$100 outward for each adult, without Wines and Liquors. Neither the Captains or Owners of these Packets will be responsible for any Letters, Parcels, or Packages sent by them, unless regular Bills of Lading are signed therefor. Apply to

GRINNELL, MINTURN & Co., 78 South-st., or to **JOHN GRISWOLD, 70 South-st.** My 24-4f.

OLD LINE OF LIVERPOOL PACKETS.

THE OLD LINE OF PACKETS for LIVERPOOL will hereafter be despatched on the following order, excepting that when the sailing day falls on Sunday, the ship will sail on the succeeding day, viz.:

Ships.	Masters.	From New York.	From Liverpool.
Oxford,	S. Yeston,	June 1, Oct. 1, Feb. 1.	July 16, Nov. 16, Mar. 16.
Cambridge,	W. C. Barstow,	10, 10, 10.	Aug. 1, Dec. 1, April 1.
Montezuma, new	A. W. Lowber,	July 1, Nov. 1, Mar. 1.	16, 16, 16.
Fidelia, new	W. G. Hackstaff,	16, 16, 16.	Sept. 1, Jan. 1, May 1.
Europe,	E. G. Furber,	Aug. 1, Dec. 1, April 1.	16, 16, 16.
New York,	T. B. Cropper,	16, 16, 16.	Oct. 1, Feb. 1, June 1.
Columbia, new	J. Rathbone,	Sept. 1, Jan. 1, May 1.	16, 16, 16.
Yorkshire, new	D. G. Bailey,	16, 16, 16.	Nov. 1, Mar. 1, July 1.

These Ships are not surpassed in point of elegance or comfort in their Cabin accommodations, or in their fast sailing qualities, by any vessels in the trade.

The Commanders are well known as men of character and experience; and the strictest attention will always be paid to promote the comfort and convenience of passengers. Punctuality as regards the days of sailing, will be observed as heretofore.

The price of passage outward, is now fixed at \$100, for which ample stores of every description will be provided, with the exception of Wines and Liquors, which will be furnished by the Stewards if required.

Neither the Captains or Owners of these Ships will be responsible for any Letters, Parcels or Packages sent by them, unless regular Bills of Lading are signed therefor. For freight or passage, apply

GOODHUE & Co., 24 South-st., or **C. H. MARSHALL, 38 Burling-slip, N. Y.,** or **ARING, BROTH & Co., Liverpool.**